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Handy Lay-Lewis

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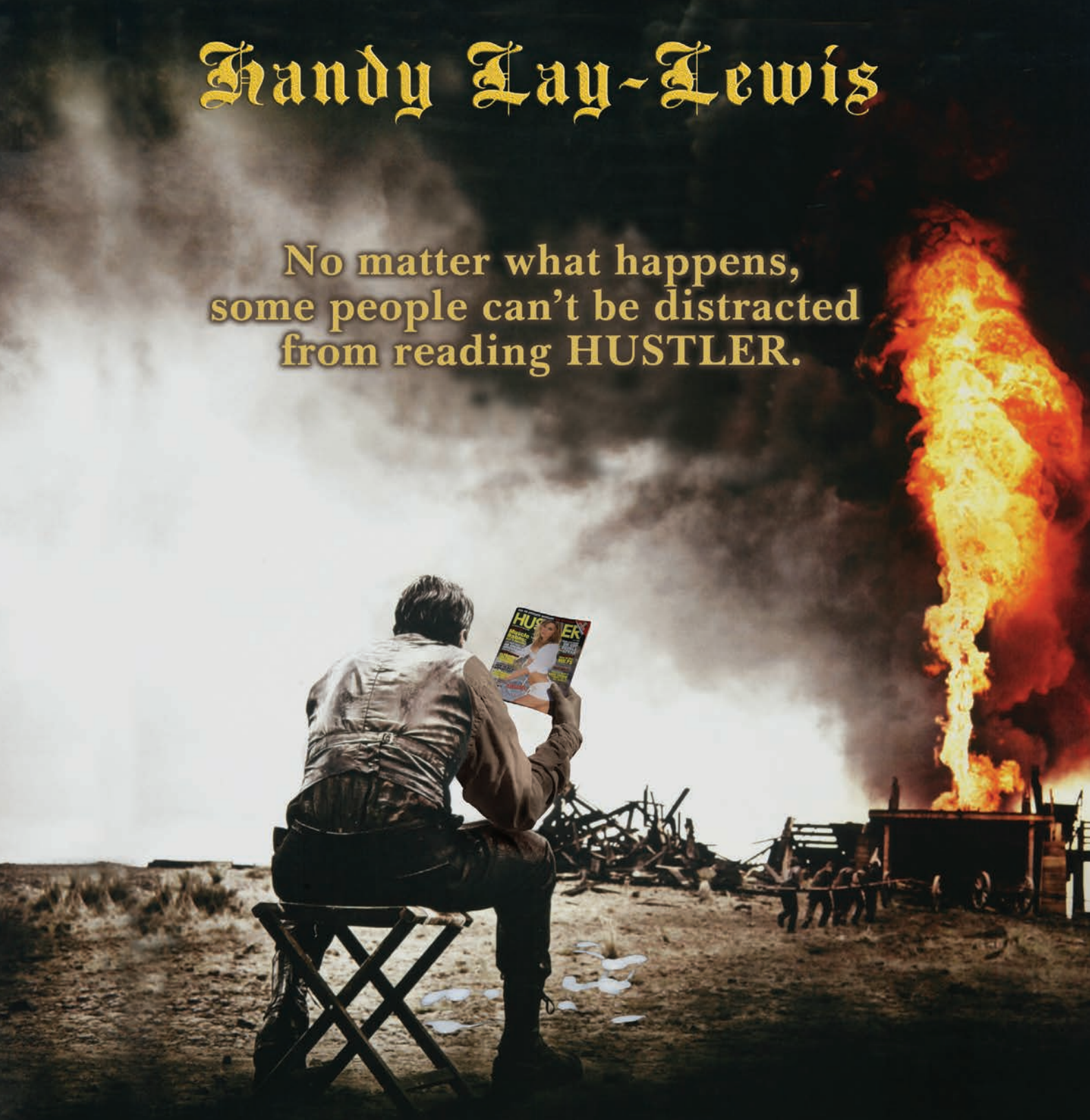

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Written and Directed by LARRY FLYNT

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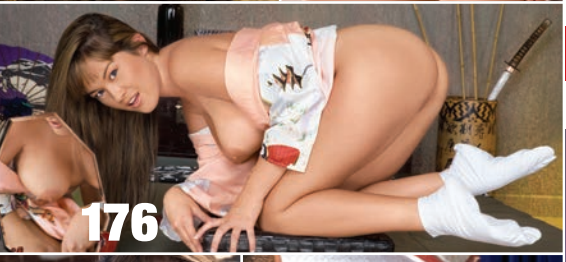


girls

26 MISTY ANDERSON
Play Misty for Me
Photography by Mark Lit for Hicksphoto

48 ROXANNE
English Muffin
Photography by Shaun McManus

68 MIKAYLA & GEORGIA JONES
Making Beautiful Music Together
Photography by Matti Klatt

82 CALI-LUV
Luv to Love You
Photography by Mark Lit for Hicksphoto

112 ANGIE SAVAGE
Porn to Be Wild
Photography by Holly Randall

132 MELISSA LAUREN, BEN ENGLISH & TOMMY GUNN
Three's Company
Photography by Holly Randall

176 DEE LILY
Insatiable Geisha Girl
Photography by Ladi von Jansky

features

38 THE 9/11 CONSPIRACY: NOT JUST PARANOIA
Major U.S. and international critics—politicians, intelligence agents, generals, police, even the former president of Italy—express concern for truth.
by Paul Craig Roberts

42 LITTLE TINY BUDGETS & GREAT BIG TITS
Writer-director Jim Wynorski, creator of memorable mammary movies like *The House on Hooter Hill,* calls for action: "Okay, girls, pop those tops!"
by Ted Newsom

44 THE Q&A: STEPHANIE MILLER
From the left-wing and left field, radio's goddess of politics and fart jokes bares her sass as HUSTLER comes calling.
Interview by Bruce David and Ed Rampell

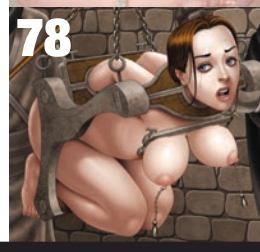
56 ROCK 'N' ROLL FANTASY CAMP
Cathouse cutie Brooke Taylor and radio shock jock Mancow Muller live out their rock-star fantasies.
by Keith Valcourt

64 SUGAR DADDY CENTRAL
They're rich, they want young stuff, and they pay for the privilege.
by Nicole McClelland

74 SOME LIKE IT FAT
Massive mountains of womanhood and the guys who dig them.
by Ed Rampell

78 TABOO ILLUSTRATED
The mind-set of a hot-and-nasty collection of kinky visual delights.
by Ernest Greene

98 ALFALFAFIELD
Comic-Strip Movie Spoof



standards

3 MOVIE AD PARODY
There Will Be Cum

7 PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT
The Looting of America
by Larry Flynt

8 TECH KNOW
Win a digital camera!

10 VOTE THEFT FOR IDIOTS
Political Cartoon
by Greg Palast & Ted Rall

11 ROBERT SCHEER
The Land of the Free?

13 NAT HENTOFF
Gitmo officers defy Bush and defend liberty

15 FEEDBACK
You give as good as you get!

16 POLITICAL PARODY
Hershey's: Kiss This!

17 ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH
Senator John McCain

18 GAME ON
Alone in the Dark, classic Atari

21 BITS & PIECES
Tila Tequila gets dicked, Jenna gets illustrated, Sunset Thomas calls it a day

36 HOT LETTERS
Lady exec's frisky business

37 CLASSIC CARTOONS
Gross guffaws from the past

60 THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE
Nubile Northerner Nikki-Marie

63 ARIOCK PINUP

96 HUSTLER HUMOR

100 SIGHTS & SOUNDS
Exclusive interviews with Men at Work's Colin Hay and rapper Chamillionaire

104 MOVIE MAMMARIES
Luscious Lucy Liu and MILF of the century Angie Dickinson

106 FAMOUS FLESH
The notable nipples of Britney Spears, Demi Moore and Sienna Miller

121 COLLEGE REPORT
Corporate media giant sets sights on Colorado State University newspaper

122 REAL COLLEGE GIRLS
California coed Mai Ly

125 EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT
Raves for *Thrust* and *Cockasian #2*, plus a talk-and-gawk with ultrahot Katsuni

143 BEAVER HUNT
Your nasty neighbors bare all

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THE LOOTING OF AMERICA

It's no accident that America is going broke, nor should it be a surprise. George W. Bush announced from the start that he didn't believe in big government. One sure way to downsize a government is to defund it. Hence, ridiculous no-bid contracts to Halliburton, lack of oversight for the trillions of dollars spent on the Iraq War, tax cuts for the rich and so on. Our government and our country are being hollowed out.

Of course, the rich are doing okay. Only the poor and middle class are suffering. That's a situation that can only worsen. And again, this is quite intentional. The people who really run America do not want a strong and vibrant middle class. Well-fed and secure citizens tend to cause problems by demanding that government live up to the articles of the Constitution. That just mucks things up for the big guys.

Americans have to decide what they want the future to hold for them and their children. Will you allow yourselves to be herded like cattle? Or will you stand up for your rights? The time to decide is now.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

Better living through gadgets.

USE THE FORCE

It is time to get your game on! The **Ear Force X3** wireless headphones for the Xbox 360 allow you to move freely while playing. The ultimate in comfort and functionality, this stylish set enhances your play by independently enabling the volume control of amplified chat and game audio—a first for wireless headphones. The **Ear Force X3** also provides some of the highest fidelity and clarity available in gaming headphones.

Available at ***TurtleBeach.com***. Suggested retail price: $119.95.

I, ROBOT

Say hello to my little friend! The personality-packed **Tribot** from WowWee cracks jokes, plays games and is controllable through a handheld remote. The battery-operated robot—which also features a pop-top head, animated eyebrows and four diverse modes—is sure to provide hours of laughs and entertainment. A robot that tells jokes is all fine and dandy; a robot that gets us a beer would be much better!

Available at ***WowWee.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.99.

GUITAR GOD

Are you ready to rock?! The new **Shredmaster V Gaming Controller** is shaped like the classic Flying V guitar to add flair to your *Guitar Hero* play. Designed for the PS2, this sturdy yet lightweight gizmo is more than just eye-catching; it features an extra set of smaller buttons, a built-in rechargeable battery, a glowing strum bar and the option to play wirelessly or wired. We have to say that the **Shredmaster V** is the coolest controller on the market, but will it get you the same chicks as Jimmy Page? Nope.

Available at ***DreamGear.net***. Suggested retail price: $79.99.

HANDS OFF

More and more states are issuing tickets to motorists caught talking on cell phones. Clearly, you need a hands-free product that will allow you to converse and also enjoy music while behind the wheel. Our recommendation is the **Venturi Mini**, which will run up to four electronic devices (including cell phones and MP3 players) through a car's stereo. This indispensable contraption features high-quality Bluetooth 2.0 technology, a built-in microphone and a USB charger to keep all your mobile equipment juiced. The best part is that no installation is required. Just plug it in, play and go—leaving your hands free for other things, like thumbing through HUSTLER.

Available at ***MyVenturi.com***. Suggested retail price: $129.

SAY CHEESE

Aren't you sick of taking pictures that are poorly framed and blurry to boot? Then check out the **Norcent DCS-1050 10-megapixel digital camera**. This slim and cool-looking unit features a 3X optical zoom, 4X digital zoom, face-tracking identification and anti-shake compensation to guarantee a perfect shot every time. The camera also has 21 built-in modes, including movie, night scene, party and soft skin. We don't have to tell you what that last one is good for. And if the price is too steep, maybe you'll be lucky enough to win one. See details below.

Available at ***Norcent.net***. Suggested retail price: $199.99.

WIN THIS CAMERA!

DIGITAL CAMERA
CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Take pictures like a pro. Win this cool digital camera! For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to Digital Camera Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

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Who do you think is the hottest girl this month? _____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one) ☐ Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video Reviews

☐ Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐ Other: _____

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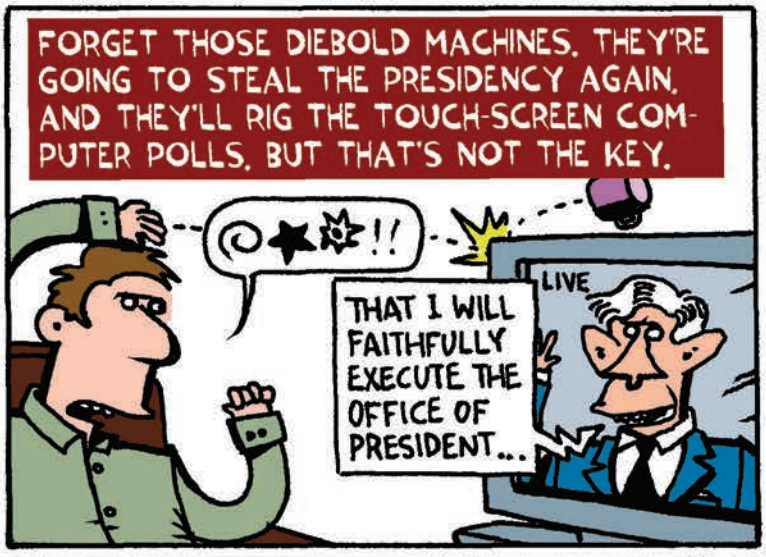
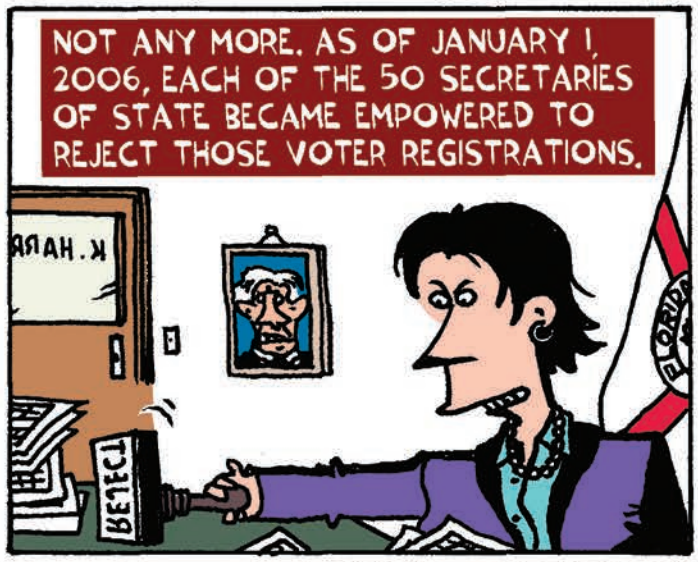
VOTE THEFT FOR IDIOTS

Lesson 1

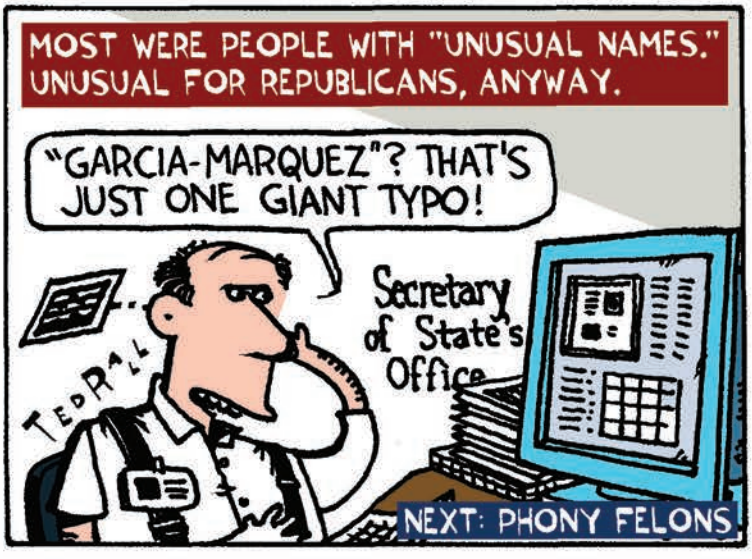
A year or so ago, investigative journalist/provocateur GREG PALAST had a realization:

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY HAS ALREADY WON THE 2008 PRESIDENTIAL RACE. IT HAPPENED ON JAN. 1, 2006, WHEN BUSH IMPLEMENTED HIS "HELP AMERICA VOTE" ACT.


FORGET THOSE DIEBOLD MACHINES. THEY'RE GOING TO STEAL THE PRESIDENCY AGAIN. AND THEY'LL RIG THE TOUCH-SCREEN COMPUTER POLLS. BUT THAT'S NOT THE KEY.
!!
LIVE
THAT I WILL FAITHFULLY EXECUTE THE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT...


NOT ANY MORE. AS OF JANUARY 1, 2006, EACH OF THE 50 SECRETARIES OF STATE BECAME EMPOWERED TO REJECT THOSE VOTER REGISTRATIONS.
REJECT

AND THEY DID. CALIFORNIA, FOR EXAMPLE, REJECTED 40% OF VOTER REGISTRATIONS DURING 2006.
EVERY YEAR, ABOUT 24 MILLION AMERICANS TRY TO REGISTER OR REREGISTER. MILLIONS ARE BEING TURNED AWAY.
VOTE


MOST WERE PEOPLE WITH "UNUSUAL NAMES." UNUSUAL FOR REPUBLICANS, ANYWAY.
"GARCIA-MARQUEZ"? THAT'S JUST ONE GIANT TYPO!
TED RALL
Secretary of State's Office
NEXT: PHONY FELONS

Land of the Free?

LESS AND LESS SO EVERY YEAR—AND AT ENORMOUS COST.

If this is the Land of the Free, how come America has more people in prison than any other country in the world? More than even Communist China, whose population is five times greater.

Last year the U.S. broke its own miserable world record, and the numbers keep going up. According to a new report by the Pew Center on the States, one out of every 99 Americans is now a prisoner in his or her own country. This is the highest percentage ever in our nation's history—over 2.3 million incarcerated and rising. If we count those in local jails, on parole or on probation, the number soars to 7 million. Ten million American children have a parent in the corrections system.

One out of every 99 Americans is now a prisoner in his or her own country.

Regardless of your political persuasion, or whether or not you have friends or family in jail, the costs of this grim national experiment in hyper-punishment should give pause: In just 20 years, states have nearly quintupled the amount of revenue they spend on what are generously called "corrections," even though half of released prisoners are back in jail within three years. Experts estimate we are spending $200 billion a year on criminal justice.

As a liberal, I am especially concerned that institutionalized racism and the legacy of slavery and Jim Crow have put behind bars one in nine African-American men between the ages of 20 and 34. If current trends hold, one in three black boys born today will spend some of his life serving hard time. I don't see how we can consider ourselves a successful country that believes in human rights when a single minority group is 12% of your total population but 40% of your prison population.

However, even if you believe that racism is no longer an issue and that criminals deserve what they get, the soaring costs of imprisoning ever more of our fellow Americans should be a ringing alarm bell. This is a matter of self-interest to anybody who pays taxes.

Warehousing vast numbers of human beings in outrageously expensive institutions—a system some are calling the prison-industrial complex—is simply not a cost-efficient way to keep our communities safe.

After all, the vast majority of these prisoners are not being held for violent offenses, but for drug convictions, parole violations or petty property crimes stemming from addiction, while many have been given long terms by "Three Strikes" and mandatory sentencing rules created as part of the failed "War on Drugs." Prisons are now our one-size-fits-all solution to drug addiction, mental illness and juvenile delinquency.

In California, for example, the prison population has soared 580% in 20 years, costing the Golden State $10 billion a year at a time when Governor Schwarzenegger has proposed slashing the K-12 education budget by $4.4 billion—10% per student. Nationwide, the Pew Center found that from 1987 to 2007, states' inflation-adjusted general fund spending on corrections rose 127%, while higher-education expenditures rose just 21%. How can we be on the right track when we are prioritizing jailing citizens over educating them?

Ironically, liberal and conservative politicians alike have allowed this to happen, cowed by the fear of being seen as "soft on crime" or losing the support of powerful special interests like prison guard unions—even as increasingly vocal police officers, judges and other employees of the broken criminal justice system are demanding changes based on logic, not emotion. As Los Angeles Police Chief William Bratton puts it, "We can't arrest our way out of the problem."

In fact, Joe Domanick, a senior fellow at the USC Annenberg Institute for Justice and Journalism, says pressure to rein in a prison-industrial complex run amok is primarily coming from such unlikely quarters. These rational folks want more drug treatment, education and transition support for inmates, as well as increased emphasis on crime prevention rather than punishment. In short, they want to cut down on crime *and* punishment.

"There is cause for optimism because of an educated criminal justice leadership and a rank and file open to change, willing to acknowledge the growing challenges the system faces," writes Domanick in the *L.A. Daily Journal*. "It is they, not…cowed politicians, who are taking the lead and finally saying, 'Wait a minute here. What are we doing?'"

Locking ourselves up, that's what.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written six hard-hitting books, notably *Thinking Tuna Fish*, *Talking Death: Essays on the Pornography of Power* and *Playing President: My Close Encounters With Nixon, Carter, Bush I, Reagan and Clinton—And How They Did Not Prepare Me for George W. Bush.*

Gitmo Officers Defy Bush

CONSCIENCE REARS ITS HEAD FROM THE PIT OF ILLEGALITY THAT IS GUANTANAMO.

In covering Bush's comprehensive lawlessness at our penal colony at Guantanamo, I got to know a hero, a military lawyer guided by conscience rather than his commander in chief. Navy Lieutenant Commander Charlie Swift told me, among others, that when the Defense Department assigned him to represent (not defend) Salim Hamdan at Guantanamo, his orders were to get a confession from him. (Due process and justice were not to be his concern).

Swift's first words from his client were: "The guards say there is no law here. So what are you doing here?" Swift answered, "We're going to the Supreme Court and find out."

The result was the June 2006 Supreme Court decision *Hamdan* v. *Rumsfeld*, which sharply rebuked Bush, telling him his military commissions at Guantanamo violated the Geneva Conventions (signed by the U.S.) that mandate sentencing of prisoners must be handed down "by a regularly constituted" court that "provides all the judicial guarantees recognized as indispensable by civilized peoples"—not by a kangaroo court.

"We can't have acquittals. If we've been holding these guys for so long, how can we explain letting them get off? … We've got to have convictions!"

Because of his victory, Lieutenant Commander Swift was denied promotion by the Defense Department. As stipulated in the rules of the corps of military lawyers, failure to be promoted within a certain number of years meant that Swift had to end his military career.

Meanwhile, Salim Hamdan remained at Gitmo without due process and the bare bones of justice because Bush and Cheney got the Republican-controlled Congress in 2006 to pass the Military Commissions Act. This stripped Gitmo prisoners of their habeas corpus rights to contest the legality of their imprisonment and the conditions of confinement. It also gave Bush the authority to continue the military commissions, since he would be the interpreter of the Geneva Conventions.

Now, with preparations underway for the first actual military trial at Gitmo—six "high-level detainees" who could get the death sentence—the tribunal will permit evidence obtained by waterboarding and other forms of torture. Additionally, defendants and their attorneys will not be able to see—and thereby contest—classified evidence against them, and all conferences with their lawyers will be videotaped (so prosecutors will know all that was said in confidence).

But the Bush Administration has been startled and shaken because the former chief prosecutor for the military commissions at Gitmo, Morris "Mo" Davis, will be an eager defense witness for none other than Salim Hamdan, one of the dreaded six to be tried under Guantanamo's perverse "presumption of guilt."

Davis, an Air Force colonel during his 2005-07 tenure as chief prosecutor, had publicly announced his October 2007 retirement in an op-ed article in the *Los Angeles Times*: "I concluded that full, fair and open trials were not possible under the current system…because I felt that the system had become deeply politicized and that I could not do my job effectively or responsibly."

Like Charlie Swift, Colonel Davis had heard the imperious inner voice of conscience, a call so alien to the Bush-Cheney camp that I cannot recall a single member of the team having left for that reason until this honorable ornery career officer.

Also like Charlie Smith, Davis continues to publicly explain how the administration "perpetuates the perception of a rigged process stacked against the accused." In the March 10, 2008, *Nation*, Davis tells of an exchange he had while chief prosecutor. Opposite him was the Defense Department's General Counsel, William J. Haynes, one of the coven of Defense and Justice Department lawyers who gave the "legal" imprimatur to the "coercive interrogations" in Guantanamo, Iraq and Afghanistan, as well as deep within the CIA's secret prisons.

Davis told Haynes that even under the carefully pro-prosecution military commissions' procedures, there might even be some acquittals. He recalls Haynes's indignant reaction: "We can't have acquittals. If we've been holding these guys for so long, how can we explain letting them get off? … We've got to have convictions!"

Thereby Haynes, like so many officials all the way up the chain of command to the Oval Office, was embodying the essence of the amoral intensity of the Bush Administration, the same aroma of corruption that Dick Cheney revealed on NBC's *Meet the Press* soon after 9/11: "It's going to be vital to use any means at our disposal, basically, to achieve our objective."

The rule of law? *They* are the law!

Colonel Mo Davis was further justified in his resignation when, at a December 2007 Senate hearing—then afterward at a Pentagon press briefing—Brigadier General Thomas W. Hartman (an official with key authority over Guantanamo's so-called legal system) refused to rule out evidence obtained by waterboarding in the forthcoming trials.

I do not expect our chief law enforcement officer, Attorney General Michael Mukasey, to murmur any objection to the prosecution being assisted by waterboarding. He has yet to say it's torture.

Colonel Davis will not proffer any claim of Hamdan's innocence in his testimony at Salim Hamdan's military commission trial. He told ABC News on February 27, 2008, that he believes Hamdan is probably guilty. Instead, he intends to testify that Pentagon officials' clearly improper influence over the military commissions process requires that the charges against Hamdan be dismissed.

In Charlie Swift's first interview years ago with Salim Hamdan, he told his very skeptical client, "I think there is law here." The Supreme Court agreed, and then was overruled by Congress. Will there be law at Salim Hamdan's trial? Will former chief prosecutor Morris Davis be allowed to testify? Place your bets, but don't bet the farm.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice*, the *Washington Times*, the United Media Newspaper Syndicate and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; *Free Speech for Me But Not for Thee*; *The War on the Bill of Rights—And the Gathering Resistance*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*

"A thousand dollars?! I don't have that kind of cash. Is there any pending legislation you'd like to see passed?"

Everybody's a Preacher

Reverend Billy is a true American hero [*The Church of Stop Shopping's Fiery Prophet*, May '08]. If other evangelists took their religion seriously, they'd be preaching against the retail insanity in this country too. People are trying to fill the spiritual void by buying crap they don't need and piling up debt. That's pretty much the exact opposite of the teachings of Christ.

But even if you're not religious (I'm not), it's pretty obvious that consumerism is wrecking this country. It's the primary strategy for funneling the hard-earned cash of the working class to the top of the pyramid via another obvious evil: credit. There's only one way to stop the corporate control of America: Don't use their credit and don't buy their junk!

—D.N.
Manayunk, Pennsylvania

Reverend Billy can preach all he wants, but the truth is this is a capitalist country. If a company has figured out how to get people to buy its product, that's called a good business model.

There's nothing wrong with giving the people what they want—or with people buying whatever makes them happy. That's the American way! As somebody once said, "The business of America is business." That will never change.

—K.M.
Pocatello, Idaho

That quote, by the way, is from President Calvin Coolidge and is widely regarded as an example of the overconfidence that led to the Great Depression.

More Moore

The spread on Marlie Moore [March '08] was awesome. She has great legs and a body that goes on for days. She looks like a natural in front of the camera, especially for a gal who's been in the business only two years. What movies has Marlie done? I'm a fellow Gemini, and we twins have to stick together! **—Malcolm W.**
Baltimore, Maryland

Legalize It!

Thanks to the Eliot Spitzer scandal, prostitution is once again being debated and discussed. Is there really any difference between a hooker and a woman who uses her physical beauty to attain a comfortable lifestyle?

At an airport I once overheard one guy saying to another guy, "The difference between you and me is that you pay for sex with cash, and I pay for it with dinners, clothing and jewelry." That sums it up!

Many people are now arguing that prostitution should be made legal so that it can be regulated and become a source of tax revenue. Legalizing it would also help stop the spread of sexually transmitted diseases, since regular examinations could be required by the government.

But for now, we're stuck in a double standard: We're quick to condemn the hooker, but wouldn't dream of shunning the sexual opportunist. Let's face it, in many ways, prostitution is already legal in our society. People pay to watch two people have sex with each other, yet can't pay each other for sex. Our problem is that we are a nation that continually contradicts itself when it comes to sex and morality.

—Joe Bialek
Cleveland, Ohio

Over the Line

Your shocking crime scene photos [*Hillside Stranglers' Torture, Sex and Murder Spree*, April '08] were shocking only in that they reveal a childish lack of empathy, the very same lack you often take issue with regarding our own self-serving political establishment. Anything to sell the magazine, huh?

What about the privacy you hold so dear? Do you really think that what these poor girls and their families need is more disregard? And fuck off with any bullshit rationalizations. You have given these girls no more dignity than their soulless tormentors. **—Francis K.**
Chicago, Illinois

*Reader fave Marlie Moore has become a girl/girl sensation in high-end productions from HUSTLER (**Barely Legal #68**), NinnWorx and ClubJenna, among others. You can find dozens of her movies at **HustlerHollywood.com**.*

American Idiots

Your article about the Republican war on science [*The Lords of Bullshit*, April '08] made me realize that one reason I and so many others pull their hair out on a daily basis in this country is that bullshit has become the national language. Everybody wants to have an opinion, but not many want to do the actual research to back their opinions up.

The government and its loudmouth defenders know that, so they take advantage of the situation with lies and phony science. Why? So they can appease the bank accounts and ideologies of their financial backers. Meanwhile, people go around parroting nonscientific crap, even though they have science to thank for their daily comfort and well-being. Cars, houses, medical care, you name it—all thanks to science! It kills me when Christians act like science is evil, but when their kid gets cancer, they head for the highest tech they can find. **—M.R.**
Syracuse, New York

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

HERSHEY'S: KISS THIS!

We are celebrating the 100th anniversary of the Hershey's Kiss. You know that kids love our candy! But you might not know that kids in Third World countries love *picking* the cocoa that makes our candy, so much so that they're willing to do it under deplorable conditions for only pennies a day. They love it that much!

- **Delicious Chocolate.**
- **Massive Profits.**

Life is sweet!

HUSTLER Parody: This is social commentary on a heartless food company making sweet profits due to bitter business practices that leave a bad taste in our mouths. For more info, check out **LaborRights.org** or **CoopAmerica.org**. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

John McCain

John McCain is a two-faced, senile psycho who'll say anything to succeed Bush as Führer of America. Principled maverick? Hogwash. The Republican senator from Arizona is a crass horndog who traded his crippled wife for an heiress Barbie doll.

In February 2008, McCain swallowed the Bush/Cheney load of choad and agreed with Dubya and his criminal gang: Waterboarding isn't torture if we *say* it isn't. Hey, you half-witted old goat: It is torture. You know, John, like what the Viet Cong did to you?

On his embarrassing March 2007 press tour of Iraq, McCain took a photo-op stroll through a Baghdad market to show how safe it was—while surrounded by armed troops. He claimed, "General Petraeus goes out there almost every day in an unarmed Humvee." (Bullshit! Petraeus may be a toady, but he's no idiot.) McCain said later, "Of course I'm going to misspeak." That's refreshing: a politician who tells you upfront he's a fucking liar.

On that Iraq trip—according to a disturbing story reported by **TBRnews.org**—two enlisted men found McCain alone in a room, talking to a table. He asked if the soldiers were generals, then said vaguely, "Let's hope it gets a little cooler here. Have you been here long?"

One soldier replied, "Too long, Senator."

"Why, that's good, General," McCain answered. Then he moved his lips, but said nothing, smiling at the wall. As TBR News reported, a minder quickly hustled the old mumbler away, saying, "The senator has jet lag." Later the soldiers heard that McCain had "a little accident" and needed to change his pants. And you thought Ronald Reagan was senile?!

Even in public, McCain's brain is clearly fogged by dementia. In January 2008 he rambled to a crowd, "I was in a conference in Germany over the weekend, and President Putin of Germany gave one of the old Cold War-style speeches." Hey, Grandpa, Vladimir Putin is a Russian! Russia's a different fucking place than Germany!

More recently, the pink-faced loon spouted off that Iran has armed and trained al Qaeda operatives. McCain was corrected—on camera—by that malignant dwarf Joe Lieberman. But a day later, McCain reiterated the stupidity. Apparently, those towelheads are all the same to this old coot.

"The thought of [McCain] being President sends a cold chill down my spine. He is erratic. He is hot-headed. He loses his temper, and he worries me." Did Larry Flynt say that? No, it was U.S. Senator Thad Cochran, a Mississippi Republican who's known McCain for more than 35 years.

John McCain was one of five senators who stonewalled an investigation into the dealings of right-wing thief Charles Keating, who was ultimately convicted in 1992 of fraud, racketeering and conspiracy. McCain made at least nine flights on Keating's planes (often to the swindler's Bahamas vacation home) and pocketed more than $100,000 in campaign contributions for sweeping Keating's dirt under the rug. "I did it for no other reason than I valued [his] support," the senator said later. As a result, millions lost their nest eggs in the bankruptcy of the Lincoln Savings and Loan.

Rumors that McCain was banging lobbyist Vicki Iseman may or may not be true, although he clearly ran interference for her telecom clients while he was (ahem) "seeing her." More ominous is that this "campaign reform" candidate packed his election team with D.C. lobbyists, including Charlie Black, Tom Loeffler, Slade Gorton and Christian Ferry. You don't recognize the names? You're not supposed to. These scumdogs work secretly—at least until they're indicted, like Jack Abramoff.

You're judged by the quality of your friends. In McCain's case: **George W. Bush**, who now endorses McCain after trashing him unmercifully in the 2000 Florida primary.

Karl Rove, the dirty-tricks specialist. "I've always admired Karl," McCain pronounced in March 2008.

The Reverend John Hagee, a whacko Texas evangelist who refers to Jews as Christ-killers.

Joseph Bonanno, alias "Joe Bananas." In 1995, McCain sent a happy birthday greeting and regrets that he couldn't attend his pal's party. Bonanno once headed an East Coast crime family.

In *McCain, the Myth of a Maverick*, biographer Matt Welch called the Arizona dwarf's world vision "considerably more hawkish than anything George Bush has ever practiced." A vote for Insane McCain is a rubber-stamp for continued dictatorship of the elite…or worse. Be afraid. Be very afraid.

FARTS IN THE WIND

•**SALLY KERN**, a Republican representative in the Oklahoma legislature, spewed this nonsense: "Studies show that no society that has totally embraced homosexuality has lasted more than, you know, a few decades. So it's the death knell of this country." You wanna cite those "studies," you rock-headed cow? What society ever collapsed because of its sexual credo? The narrow-minded nimrod went on: "It's the biggest threat our nation has, even more so than terrorism or Islam, which I think is a big threat, okay?" So, Mrs. Kern, two people kissing is worse than some white-bread lunatic blowing up women and kids in Oklahoma City's federal building? That was in *your own state*, you dumb broad. And even more: "They are going after, in schools, two-year-olds. … And this stuff is deadly, and it's spreading, and it will destroy our young people; it will destroy this nation." Kern, the doughy-looking hag wife of a Baptist preacher, claimed she received death threats because of her hate speech; the local cops investigated and concluded the blowhard was lying her wrinkled ass off once again. Like the old song says, "O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-Oklahoma, where the wind comes whistlin' out your ass."

•**REVEREND JOHN HAGEE** of San Antonio, Texas's Cornerstone Church is a real stinker. With all that hoopla about Barack Obama's preacher, Jeremiah Wright, no one seems to notice John McCain's screwball fundamentalist adviser. A barking-mad jerkoff, this million-dollar-a-year televangelist calls the Catholic Church "the whore of Babylon" and actively promotes war in the Middle East because Armageddon is coming any day now. Hagee promoted Mike Huckabee until that candidate's campaign bottomed out, then embraced Insane McCain. Hagee is a bigger travesty than Falwell and Robertson combined—with a dose of Mel Gibson tossed in for good measure.

FREEDOM FIGHTER

Turning Point: Fall of Liberty

Manufacturer: Codemasters

Format: PS3, Xbox 360

What would have happened if British Prime Minister Winston Churchill had died in 1931 and wasn't alive to rally the Allied forces against Adolf Hitler's Third Reich? That is the central question asked in this brilliant World War II fighting game. The Nazis have dispatched troops to New York, Washington, D.C., and other major U.S. cities, and gamers must survive the initial invasions and then regroup with resistance forces to defeat the evil German hordes. Who doesn't love a game in which you get to kill Nazis? Well, okay, maybe Nazis don't, but fuck 'em!

FORE! PLAY

Hot Shot Golf: Out of Bounds

Manufacturer: Sony

Format: PS3

Is it wrong to lust for cartoony, computer-generated young women playing golf? Nope, because they are all over 18. In this latest chapter of the popular screwball sports game, you get the familiar over-the-top visuals, as well as new levels of immersive play, expanded courses, zany golfers and updated shot systems. Remember, repeated practice will help take strokes off your game. Wait…that didn't sound right.

FADE TO BLACK

Alone in the Dark

Manufacturer: Atari

Format: PS3, Xbox 360, PC, Wii

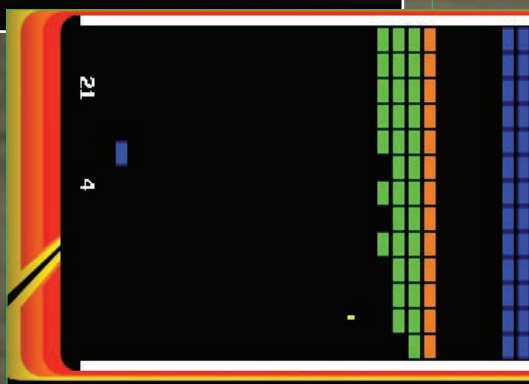
Part *Indiana Jones*, part *Die Hard*, all fun! Racing in and under a crumbling New York City, you are a paranormal investigator trying to uncover an earth-shattering secret as an apocalyptic night wears on. This exciting game adds several new features to the first-person adventure survival genre, notably an on-body-inventory system, visible damage, narrative intensity and real world rules. Plus there is fire—lots and lots of fire! *Alone in the Dark* is more than a game; it's a thrill ride!

STICKIN' IT OLD SCHOOL

Atari Classics Evolved

Company: Atari

Format: PSP



Back in the day there was only one name that mattered in video games: Atari. The ingenious company that started the global phenomenon mines its vaults and reinvents some of the classics, including *Asteroids*, *Centipede*, *Pong* and *Warlords*. The original 8-bit 2-D challenges are now transformed into graphic 3-D. Besides the 11 main games, you can unlock 40 other classic Atari 2600 titles. No game cartridges needed.

BARBARA!
SUPPORT WHO YOU WANT, GEORGE... SLURP...SLURP... I'VE GOT OBAMA FEVER!
Trosley

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

We have a winner: Sunset Thomas and her grand-finale costar, telephone lineman Chris Bellis.

Make room for Miss Vavoom!

Breast friends: Rebecca Love and Sunset

INTO THE SUNSET

HERE'S AN ALARMING TREND: porn actresses retiring! The latest to leave the skin biz is Sunset Thomas, who marked her departure by throwing a party at Olympic Garden in Las Vegas. At the bash, Sunset danced, hung out with her pals and selected a fan to costar in her final scene. Goodbye, Sunset. Enjoy your retirement…and see you back in porn in eight months.

PORN FROM THE PAST

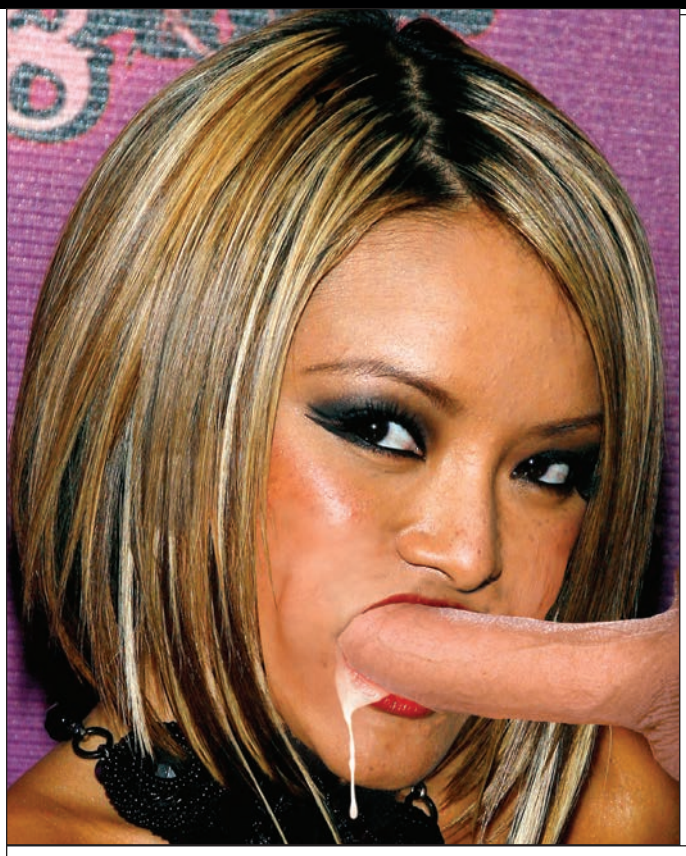
THANKS AND $100 go to J.B. of Rockland, Maine, for this busty beauty. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Summer Tip #1

DEAD AIR?

HAS THE millionaire TV hostess designed her own coffin? Nope. "The Oprah Sarcophagus" is just the latest sculpture from Daniel Edwards, the same guy who created a bronze likeness of Britney Spears giving birth. We don't know art, but we know this is scary.

"Life without sex might be safer, but it would be unbearably dull." —H.L. MENCKEN, AUTHOR



CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Tila Tequila LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

ON HER popular MTV reality show *A Shot at Love With Tila Tequila*, men and women vie for the affection of the supposedly single and bisexual Asian. In real life, she's married to a guy. We think someone should stuff a cock in Ms. Tequila's mouth to stop her from lying anymore. Truth is, it looks good.

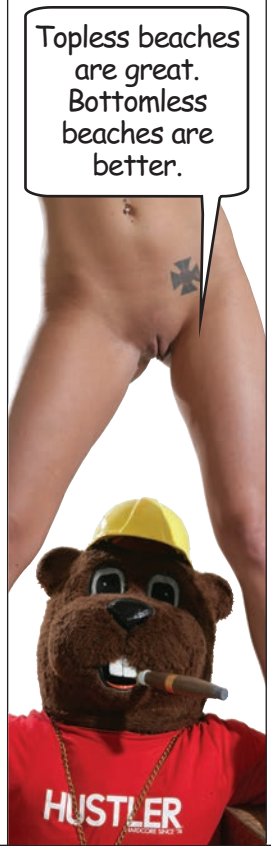
DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Tila Tequila actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality (much like her reality show) and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose (again, much like her show).

EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER

THE BREASTS OF SUSAN SARANDON & MAGGIE GYLLENHAAL
HUSTLER
THE BUSH CRIME FAMILY
THE WORLD'S 20 MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
TIFFANY MYNX: PREGNANT BOMBSHELL
PEACENIK COMEDIANS ANTI-WAR COMEDY TOUR
GEORGIA SHOWS HER PEACH

COLIN HAY, master songwriter and former lead singer of the 1980s pop band Men at Work, is crazy about our magazine. Just look at the Aussie's right eye. Check out our interview with Colin, beginning on page 100.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Summer Tip #2



NEWS BABES

PERT AND PERKY Valerie Hurst of KIMA (Channel 29) in Yakima, Washington, has viewers reaching for more than their remotes nightly. Thanks to D.S. for submitting this talking head.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

"Sex is emotion in motion." —MAE WEST, ACTRESS

NEWSBITES

Ass-Out Airline

Flying these days is a drag. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad if we could just remove all our clothes? If this sounds like the way to travel, then head to Germany, where an airline is booking nude flights between Erfurt and the Baltic Sea resort of Usedom. While passengers must board and deplane fully dressed, they can spend the rest of the time on the aircraft completely naked. Some people just know how to fly.

High Holy Man

A man pretending to be a Catholic priest was busted recently, but thankfully it wasn't for touching young boys. Rather, the fake friar was arrested for taping seven pounds of cocaine to his body and hiding it under his robe while attempting to board a plane. Dutch police were suspicious when the padre, citing religious reasons, refused to undergo a body check. In a related but phony story, a dozen nuns shrouded in Ecstasy boarded the same plane completely unnoticed by authorities.

Walking the Snake

We know, you think this item's title is a euphemism for sex. Rather, it's a headline about a New Yorker busted while walking along a busy highway. His crime? Jaywalking? Indecent exposure? Nope, it was carrying a 70-pound, 14-foot-long Burmese python in cold weather. The 35-year-old was arrested, and a local animal protection agency confiscated the reptile. Taking a man's snake away from him? Man, that's cold.

Slip of the Tongue

You never know what you'll find in hospital food. Slovenian authorities launched an investigation after a piece of human tongue was found in some risotto. How it got there is a mystery. A hospital spokesperson said, "I can clearly state that we have never ever used patient parts in any of our dishes." We can't say the same for the HUSTLER café. The old pussy stew is a big favorite around here.

FUCKING WRONG

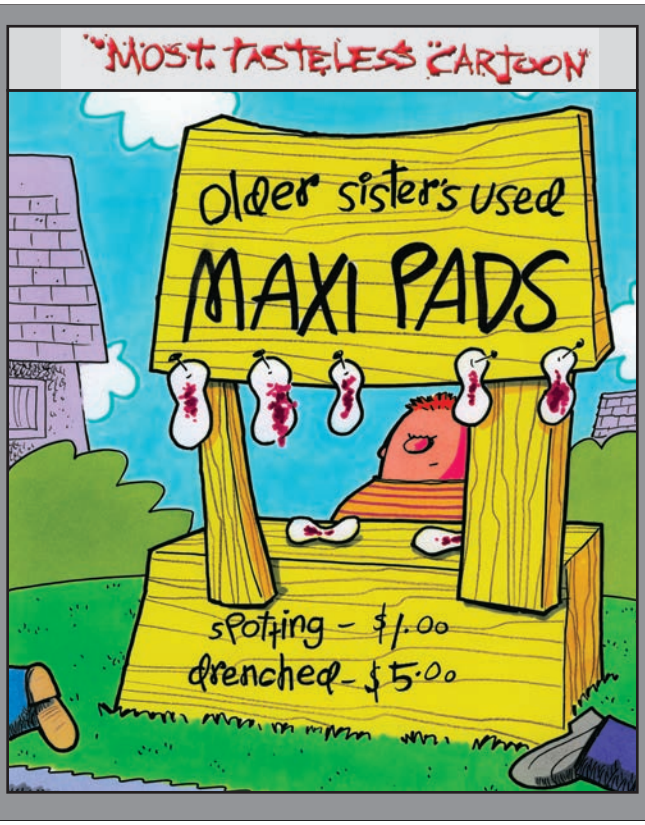
BIRDS DO IT. Bees do it. Even monkeys in the trees do it. Of course, we're talking about necrophilia.

Sign of the Times

WE OFTEN END up with sticky fingers after visiting Hooters. No surprise that the two eateries share a parking lot. Thanks to D.C. of Wilmington, North Carolina, for pointing this out.

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Summer Tip #3



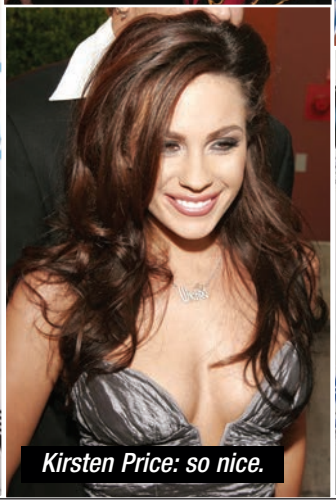
"There's nothing better than good sex. But bad sex? A peanut butter and jelly sandwich is better than bad sex." —BILLY JOEL, MUSICIAN

THE RIGHT TO REMAIN NAKED

FORMERLY KNOWN as Night of the Stars, the Free Speech Coalition's Red White and Blue Bash brings together porn stars and politicians dedicated to preserving our First Amendment rights. On hand at this year's event were mistress of ceremonies Nina Hartley, Mary Carey, Casey Parker, Kirsten Price and former U.S. Senator Mike Gravel (D-Alaska).

An ex-senator and a sex star: Mike Gravel meets Casey Parker.

Nina Hartley and Ernest Greene, executive editor of HUSTLER'S TABOO.



Kirsten Price: so nice.

Fresh from Celebrity Rehab: Mary Carey.

Who? Vanessa Blue.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

BUCKY BEAVER'S Summer Tip #4

LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER

HOLY SHEET! These Fanta sheets and pillowcases may be the closest thing you'll ever get to three bedmates at one time. Each high-quality, 250-thread-count set features sexy girls in various states of undress. Now go make your bed. Available at **FantaSheet.com**.

ILLUSTRATED LUST

RETIRED XXX superstar Jenna Jameson's latest venture is *Shadow Hunter*, a collaboration with writer Christina Z. The sizzling, full-color comic book follows the adventures of the blond goddess as she battles evil…naked! Available at bookstores nationwide.

"Love is just a system for getting someone to call you 'darling' after sex." —JULIAN BARNES, WRITER

PLAY MISTY FOR ME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR HICKSPHOTO

MISTY ANDERSON

Meet the girl next door—if your closest neighbor happens to be this superhot porn starlet. "I have always looked very young and innocent," **Misty Anderson** proclaims, "and that has allowed me to get away with things! A little flirting has gotten me better grades, into the hottest clubs, free drinks and dates with sexy, older guys. I may look innocent, but once you get me alone and naked, you'll realize I'm not."

That's apparent when we ask what the hottie looks for when she doesn't want to be alone. "A sex partner," **Misty** huffs, "and I don't limit myself to just guys. I love playing around with girls almost as much."

Even with clothes on, **Ms. Anderson** is rambunctious. "I do a lot of physical things," she explains, "like riding my mountain bike, riding my horse, lifting weights and working out. I have to exercise because I have a massive sweet tooth. If I didn't fight to keep in shape, I would probably end up a big fatty, and I don't want that. I love my tight body."

And she loves showing it off with reckless abandon. "I spend a ton of time working on my Web site," **Misty** tells us. "Look, a lot of girls are trying to get guys to join their sites. I need to make mine better to really stand out. My Web site features lots of videos of me having real sex with real girls and really getting off. I'm the real deal, guys!"

MISTY ANDERSON'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Springfield, Illinois
AGE: 25
BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius
HEIGHT: 5-7
WEIGHT: 123

SLAVING EXEC'S FRISKY BUSINESS

By day I was a high-ranking executive laboring over stacks of paperwork at my desk. By night? That's when I became a high-ranking executive slaving through a never-ending inbox of e-mail. I was tired, horny, frustrated. Sure, my mind would wander.

I'd imagine little Liza from accounting kneeling between my thighs, lapping at my snatch. Maybe Hank, the security guard, would catch us in the act. Maybe he'd slap handcuffs on my wrists and force me to suck his big, throbbing black dick while Liza nursed on his ball sac. At the end of really long days I'd fantasize about whipping my boss's ass and pissing all over his face. Then I'd lock my office door and masturbate.

Thing is, how the hell is a woman supposed to get laid when she works 80 hours a week? Those Internet dating sites are lame, and my colleagues—'droids in starched white shirts and suits—all seemed so tame. Plus, I was determined to maximize my quarterly bonuses. So I kept up the insane hours, but hid a long ebony vibrator and a small pink butt plug in my desk. And I took to wearing crotchless panties.

Late at night I'd take the edge off with a delightful break. Bent over the arm of my couch, I'd talk dirty to myself till my pussy started to tingle. I'd swat my butt a few times just for good measure, then double-dick my ass and cunt while conjuring up elaborate fantasies.

Last night wasn't any different. In that fantasy I was lying on the floor, at the center of a huge circle jerk. A dozen men were spray-painting my body with hot jism, and I was rubbing the spunk into my flesh. In reality I was humping an arm of my couch, my skirt pushed over my bum, my reliable friends drilling my cunt and bunghole. I was moaning, just about to come, when I heard a knock at the door. Suddenly, it flew open.

What the fuck? Did I forget to lock it? There was Hank, the security guard, with his jaw dropped somewhere down around his shoes. It took me a couple of seconds to react, but in those seconds I noticed Hank's cock bulge. Wow! My mouth started to water. I think I moaned.

Surprisingly, there was none of the extreme awkwardness or stammering you'd imagine in this scenario. Rather, Hank recovered quickly and took control. With my ass high in the air and my holes stuffed full of toys, I guess it wasn't too hard to recognize me as a desperate slut. But just to make sure this big black man got the message, I begged him to fuck me.

To his credit, Hank didn't utter a word. He simply stripped off his leather belt, billy club and handcuffs. I was hoping he'd cuff my wrists. Instead, he spanked me a few times with the belt. Nice. Just hard enough to leave welts.

With my ass high in the air and my holes stuffed full of toys, I guess it wasn't too hard to recognize me as a desperate slut.

I watched over my shoulder, anticipation building, as Hank lowered his zipper and pushed down his pants and boxers. When I caught sight of his long, fat, black slab of meat, my sopping pussy clutched around the vibrator. Damn, this was going to be good. I hadn't been laid in months.

Hank left the pink butt plug in my rosebud. Then, in one quick motion, he yanked the vibrator from my twat and immediately jammed his log in all the way to the hilt. Holy fuck! His muscular chest pressed against my back as he reached around and literally ripped the buttons from my blouse to get at my tatas. When he pinched both nipples at once, I started coming.

Hank's jackhammer continued to slam in and out of my box. Still, the guard didn't say anything. I could hear his heavy breathing and the nasty, sloppy, sexy sounds of a thick cock dicking a juicy cunt. As my clit rubbed against the couch, I clawed at the leather and kept coming, the end of one orgasm sluicing into the beginning of the next. Suddenly, I felt the delicious warmth of jism filling my slot. *Mmmmm.*

Hank stayed in my quim till he went soft. Finally—still without talking—he pulled out, gathered his stuff and left. He just might be the perfect man.

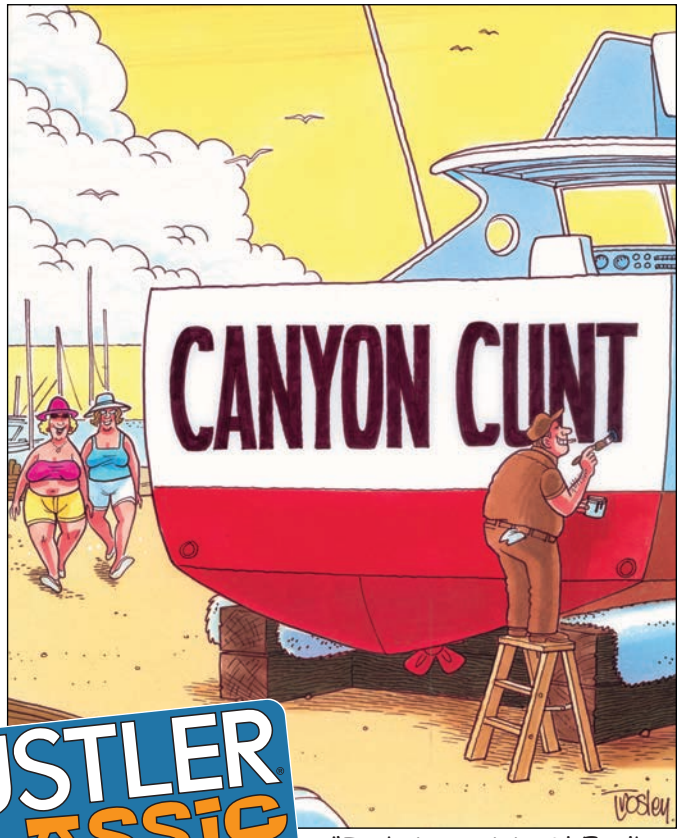
—F.C.
Omaha, Nebraska

"It's not because we've been apart so long, Morris. I just feel it's best we break off our engagement."

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS

"I laid the ground rules on our wedding night. There's no way I'll ever let Eric put his vile, disgusting sperm in my mouth!"



"Isn't it exciting?! Earl's naming the boat after me!"

"That hurts me deeply, Carla. I *know* a faked orgasm when I see one!"

"Gesundheit!"

NOT ALL 9/11 SKEPTICS ARE KOOKS

Francesco Cossiga, president of Italy from 1985 to 1992, said in a November 2007 interview with the Italian newspaper *Corriere della Sera*: "The video of Osama bin Laden's confession of responsibility for the September 11 attack on the Twin Towers is a fake. All of the democratic circles of America and of Europe, with the Italian center-left in the forefront, now know well that the disastrous attack was planned and realized by the American CIA and Mossad with the help of the Zionist[s] to put under accusation the Arab countries and to persuade the Western powers to intervene in Iraq and Afghanistan."

Cossiga's statement was not reported by U.S. print or TV media. The only references to it were online, where bloggers have disputed whether or not Cossiga is serious. Some argue that the former president is pouring sarcasm over doubters of the official 9/11 story. Others point out that Cossiga has the rare reputation of being a politician who speaks frankly. For example, he had previously revealed his involvement in the creation of Gladio, a clandestine NATO Cold War organization accused of conducting false flag bombings—attacks engineered by government agencies but publicly attributed to terrorist groups. A longtime upper-echelon official, Corriga served as

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE DUNAVAN

Washington insider Paul Craig Roberts examines

Minister of the Interior, Prime Minister and President of the Senate before winning Italy's presidency on the first ballot with more than two-thirds of the vote.

The current dispute—whether Cossiga believes his statement or is poking fun at skeptics—is a red herring. Notice how wide Cossiga's net is cast. He includes *all* democratic circles in Europe, his nation's political center-left and its intelligence community. In other words, even if Cossiga had been speaking sarcastically in the controversial interview, he acknowledges that there is a vast number of 9/11 skeptics in European political circles.

If there were only a few doubters, there would be no point to Cossiga's statement, whatever his intent. In the U.S. an array of former high-level government officials, intelligence professionals, military officers, air traffic controllers, commercial and Air Force pilots, architects, engineers, physicists and university professors have expressed disbelief in the official story and have called for an independent investigation. The desperate fervor the establishment uses to brand these intelligent and experienced people as "conspiracy theorists" gives good reason to wonder if the 9/11 Commission delivered a coverup.

•U.S. Senator Max Cleland (D-Georgia) resigned from the 9/11 Commission in 2003, telling the *Boston Globe*, "This investigation is now compromised."

•Former FBI Director Louis Freeh wrote in the *Wall Street Journal* (November 17, 2005) that there are inaccuracies in the 9/11 Commission's report and "questions that need answers." Freeh sides with the 9/11 families calling for a new commission to conduct a real investigation.

•Colonel Robert Bowman, Director of Advanced Space Programs under Presidents Ford and Carter, has stated that "the official conspiracy theory of 9/11 is a bunch of hogwash." He points his finger at Vice President Cheney as the likely person who orchestrated a 9/11 coverup.

•Raymond L. McGovern, onetime high-ranking CIA analyst, says, "I think at simplest terms there's a coverup. The 9/11 report is a joke."

•Scott Ritter, former U.S. Marine Corps intelligence officer and Chief Weapons Inspector for the U.N. Special Commission in Iraq from 1991 to 1998: "I, like the others, am frustrated by the 9/11 Commission Report, by the lack of transparency on the part of the U.S. government, both in terms of the Executive Branch and the Legislative Branch when it comes to putting out on the table all facts known to the 9/11 case."

•William Christison, 29-year CIA veteran, national intelligence officer and Director of the CIA's Office of Regional and Political Analysis: "I now think there is persuasive evidence that the events of September [2001] did not unfold as the Bush Administration and the 9/11 Commission would have us believe."

These doubts and those of many other former government officials can be found on 9/11 Truth sites on the Internet, in particular **WantToKnow.info/OfficialsQuestion911CommissionReport**.

Italian President Francesco Cossiga with George H.W. Bush in 1989. Cossiga has publicly denounced the official 9/11 story as a fraud.

A number of highly experienced foreign dignitaries have also expressed their doubts of the U.S. government's official 9/11 story.

•Dr. Andreas von Buelow, former Minister of Technology and former state secretary in the Defense Ministry in the German government, said in a 2002 interview with *Tagesspiegel* that 9/11 was being used to brainwash the Western democracies in order to promote a new enemy, Islamic terrorism, to take the place of the Soviet Union. As for the 9/11 attack: "[T]he planning of the attacks was technically and organizationally a master achievement. To hijack four airplanes within a few minutes and within one hour to drive them into their targets, with complicated flight maneuvers! This is unthinkable, without years-long support from secret apparatuses of the state and industry."

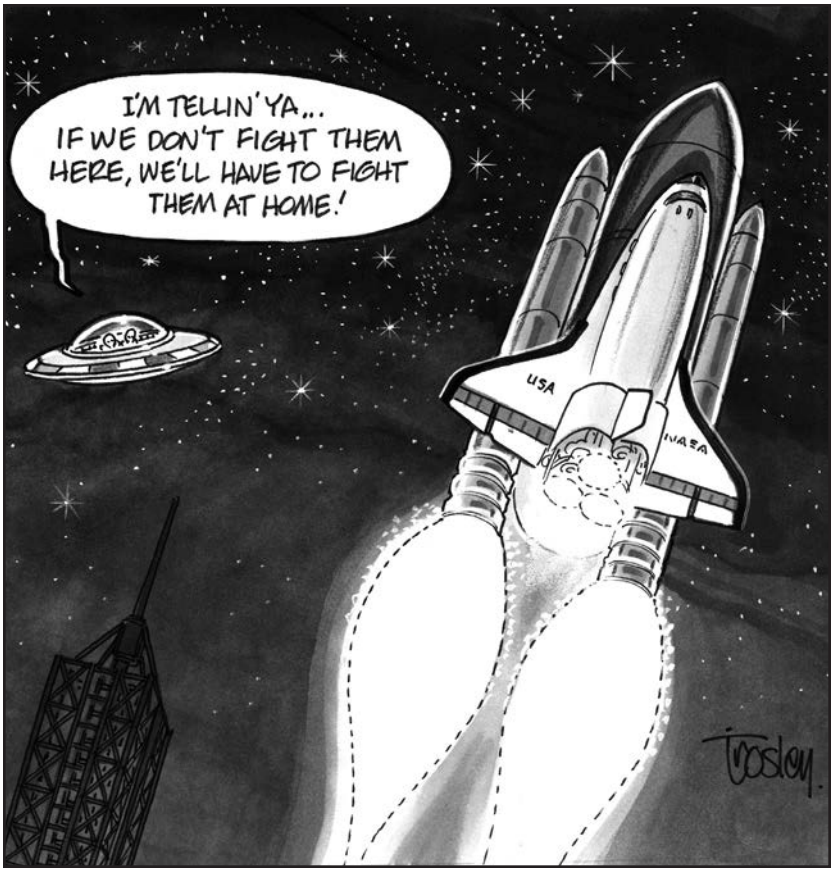
•General Leonid Ivashov, Chief of Staff of the Russian Armed Forces on September 11, 2001: "Only secret services and their current chiefs—or those retired but still having influence inside the state organizations—have the ability to plan, organize and conduct an operation of such magnitude. Generally, secret services create, finance and control extremist organizations. Without the support of secret services, these organizations cannot exist, let alone carry out operations of such magnitude inside countries so well protected. Planning and carrying out an operation on this scale is extremely complex. Osama bin Laden and al Qaeda cannot be the organizers nor the performers of the September 11 attacks. They do not have the necessary organization, resources or leaders. Thus, a team of professionals had to be created, and the Arab kamikazes are just extras to mask the operation."

•Paul Hellyer, former Canadian Minister of National Defense and Deputy Prime Minister of Canada: "I think the [9/11] inquiry has been very shallow, very superficial. I would like to see a much tougher, more in-depth inquiry. … I would like to see someone in a position of authority ask those questions and insist on getting answers. … We have to try and get the truth. I hope that somebody has the courage and persistence to keep at it until we get it."

•Mohamed Hassanein Heikal, former Egyptian Foreign Minister, told the *Guardian* in 2002: "Bin Laden does not have the capabilities for an operation of this magnitude. When I hear Bush talking about al Qaeda as if it were Nazi Germany or the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, I laugh because I know what is there. Bin Laden has been under surveillance for years: Every telephone call was monitored, and al Qaeda has been penetrated by American intelligence, Pakistani intelligence, Saudi intelligence, Egyptian intelligence. They could not have kept secret an

the high-level doubters of the 9/11 "investigation."

"In anticipation of solar power being the prime energy source of the future, we've purchased the sun."



operation that required such a degree of organization and sophistication."

•Fujita Yukihisa, a member of the Japanese legislature, raised serious questions in the House of Councillors in the Diet about the U.S. government's 9/11 explanation. His presentation and direct questioning of Prime Minister Yasuo Fukuda was broadcast live on Japanese NHK television on January 11, 2008, but was not reported by American print or TV media.

It is not only big shots who have dismissed the U.S. government's 9/11 story. More than 100 firefighters, police officers and building maintenance personnel present in the Twin Towers just prior to their collapse report hearing a series of explosions both from floors above and basements below.

Skeptics argue that if 9/11 were an inside job, it would be impossible to keep it a secret. But think about it: The 9/11 Commission and the Bush Administration want us to believe that al Qaeda kept an intricate, international commando raid a secret from all the world's intelligence agencies over months, perhaps years of planning. Yet the same voices tell us that the U.S. government—with all its resources—is somehow incapable of keeping a secret.

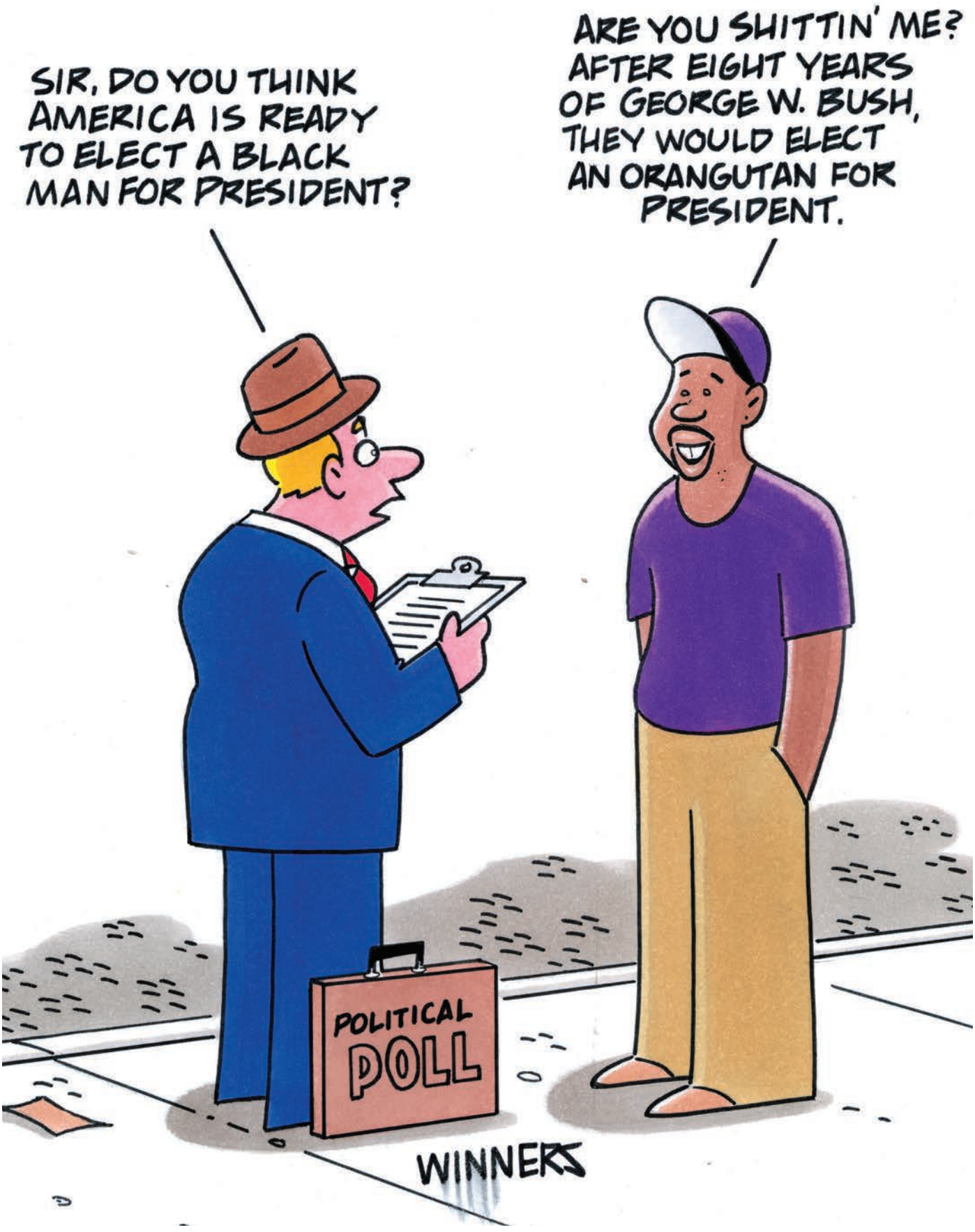
Moreover, there are people blowing the whistle: those 100 firefighters and police officers who reported hearing and experiencing explosions; Twin Towers employees who reported unidentified "repairmen" on the empty floors of the buildings weeks before the attack.

Why was their testimony ignored? Why did no government agency search for evidence of explosives? Only the physicist Steven Jones, operating as a private individual, searched for evidence of explosives. He reports finding evidence that thermate was used. Thermate, a high-powered derivative of the more familiar thermite, is an incendiary explosive that produces high temperatures capable of instantly slicing through thick steel.

Look again at the videos of the sudden collapse of the three World Trade Center buildings. The damage from the airplanes to the two towers was asymmetrical, and the fires were limited and of short duration. Finally, they each collapsed. You did not witness buildings breaking up and falling askew from asymmetrical damage, meeting resistance from intact structures below. You watched buildings being brought down evenly, perfectly and at free-fall speed by prerigged explosive charges.

Once you stop believing what the government claims and start observing and thinking, the event appears differently.

Dr. Paul Craig Roberts, an assistant secretary of the U.S. Treasury during the Reagan Administration, is a former associate editor of the *Wall Street Journal* and coauthor of *The Tyranny of Good Intentions*.


SIR, DO YOU THINK AMERICA IS READY TO ELECT A BLACK MAN FOR PRESIDENT?
ARE YOU SHITTIN' ME? AFTER EIGHT YEARS OF GEORGE W. BUSH, THEY WOULD ELECT AN ORANGUTAN FOR PRESIDENT.
POLITICAL POLL
WINNERS

BEASTS, BOOBS & B-MOVIES

NOT OF THIS EARTH
The Science-Fiction Chiller!
Traci LORDS · Arthur ROBERTS · Lenny JULIANO · Rebecca PERLE
Music by Chuck CIRINO · Screenplay by Jim WYNORSKI & R.J. ROBERTSON
From a Story by Charles B. GRIFFITH & Mark HANNA
Produced by Jim WYNORSKI and Murray MILLER · Directed by Jim WYNORSKI
Concorde
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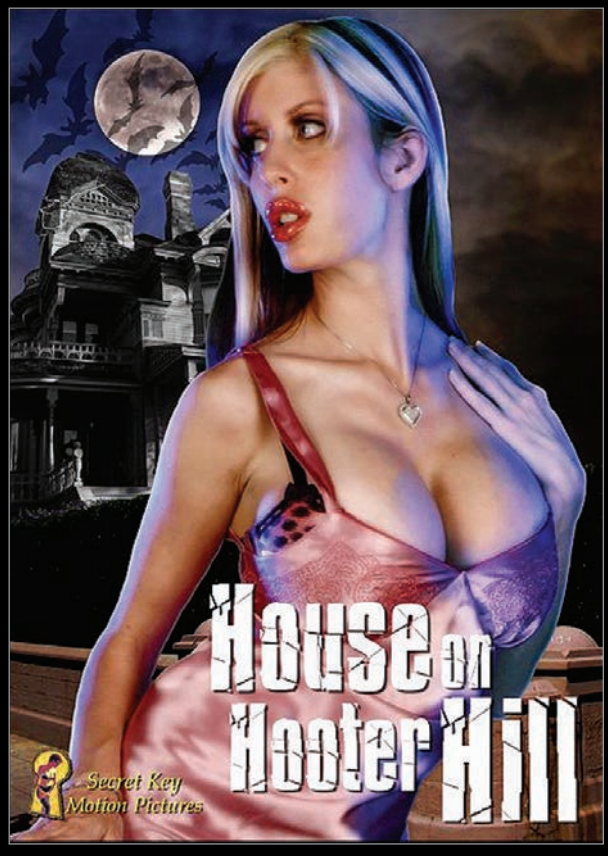


"All right, let's get this while we're still young!"

Director Jim Wynorski prepared his send-up of *Cloverfield* even before that big-budget sci-fi movie hit theaters. At various junctures it was called *Cleavagefield*, *Chestyfield* and *Busterfield*, but neither title nor plot was ever deemed important. Wynorski's latest flick is merely an unapologetic excuse to get busty girls naked.

According to Maitland McDonagh's book *Filmmaking on the Fringe*, Wynorski himself is the "first to admit he got into movies to make money and get laid." The director happily pleads guilty.

"I never hit on a woman on the set," Wynorski insists. "Somebody'll get bitchy or whatever. That, plus the casting couch route can get you sued. I never date a girl until *after* we've wrapped. You can tell who I'm currently in love with by the number of movies they'll make with me."

Recalls the director, who's perpetually surrounded by eye candy, "When I got to direct my first movie, *The Lost Empire*, I was dating stripper Raven De La Croix [star of Russ Meyers's *Up!*]. But there were all of these other gorgeous women around me all day. I thought, *If I never, ever do this again, I've seen heaven.* But I kept getting more chances, so maybe God appreciates big tits too."

As a writer, director and sometimes producer, Wynorski will go with the flow: As is the norm, this project happens to be an excuse for bare bosoms. His other more "serious" films have action scenes, mid-level name stars (Michael Paré, Eric Roberts, Corbin Bernsen) *and* lots of bare bosoms.

Wynorski's Hollywood career began in the promotion department of Roger Corman's company New World. "In 1981, Roger had an Italian stinker called *Island of the Fish Men*," he fondly reminisces. "It tanked, and I got the chance to play with the ad campaign.

The breastacular world of jigglemaster Jim Wynorski.

"We retitled it *Screamers*—since *Scanners* was a big hit—and I came up with a catch line: 'You Will See a Man Turned Inside Out!' It had absolutely nothing to do with the movie. We shot a babe in black panties and bra running through some existing spaceship sets, chased by a fish monster, all in one afternoon. When we edited the trailer and the TV spot, there wasn't a frame of the Italian movie left. It was all our stuff.

"The movie opened in Atlanta, and they had a riot at the drive-in. They tore the place apart because they were promised a man turned inside out and didn't get it! I figured I was cooked. Roger called me at seven in the morning and asked, 'What did you put in those TV spots for *Screamers*?' I admitted what I did, and instead of firing me, Roger said, 'Well, we'll have to put that new footage into the film.'"

Since then, Wynorski has directed more than 75 action films, comedy spoofs, westerns and sci-fi/horror features, notably *Chopping Mall*, *Big Bad Mama II*, *Vampirella*, *Return of Swamp Thing* and *Dinosaur Island*.

Gimmick casting on a remake of the '50s alien invasion film *Not of This Earth* saw porn siren Traci Lords in the leading role. At the time, producer Wynorski announced that Lords was "a symbol of America and a role model for young women all over the world." Twenty years later he declares, "And I meant every word!"

With a shit-eating grin, the B-movie maestro adds, "Hey, I get to shoot guns, travel, holler at people, blow things up and hang out with beautiful women with big tits. Is this the greatest job in the world or what?"

The assistant director announces that the set is lit and that the actresses are ready. Wynorski calls out, "Okay, let's do this! Pop your tops, everybody!"

INTERVIEW BY BRUCE DAVID AND ED RAMPELL

Steph Miller

The queen of a.m. talk radio bares her sass.

By all logic and the laws of genetics, Stephanie Miller *ought* to be a starched arch-conservative, sort of a brunet Ann Coulter. The radio talk show host is the daughter of Vice Presidential candidate William E. Miller, who accompanied Barry Goldwater to political limbo on the 1964 Republican ticket. Stephanie, however, made her bones filling the airwaves with impertinent, raunchy and outlandish progressive humor. With a saucy attitude, a blizzard of wacky sound effects and laser-beam insight into political idiocy, her syndicated morning drive-time show kicks butt in broadcast markets previously reserved for right-leaning wingnuts. Stephanie and her on-air gang of "mooks" (impressionist and "Voice Deity" Jim Ward, producer Chris Lavoie and associate producer Rebekah Baker, who intentionally stays away from the mike) skewer deserving targets on the right, the left and in between.

Meanwhile, in all semi-seriousness, she has been running for Vice President on the country's second Goldwater-Miller ticket, headed by CC Goldwater, granddaughter of the famed Arizona senator. Their absurd, tongue-in-cheek campaign makes as much sense as the official candidates.

Wanting to get her take on the radio scene, we managed to get a few telephone minutes with the colorful lady endearingly known as "Mama."

HUSTLER: Hi, Stephanie. This is HUSTLER calling.

STEPHANIE MILLER: (*Laughs.*) I've waited all my life for HUSTLER calling.

Let's get serious. You're pretty upfront with your disrespect for the Texan who temporarily inhabits the White House.

We show nothing but deference for Commander Cuckoo Bananas. (*Laughs.*) I mean, to me that's comedy; that's not even left or right. Making fun of the President goes back to time immemorial.

Are there any limits? You've given God the voice of a drunken Charles Bukowski and caricatured Donald Trump lusting for his daughter's tits.

What's the old quote about pornography? "I know it when I see it." (*Laughs.*) Larry Flynt would know all about that. My role is to pick on everybody. I pick on people who set themselves up for it. As you guys probably know, we do Kim Jong Il on the show. It's so over the top. We've

PHOTOS COURTESY STEPHANIE MILLER

anie

been doing that for three years. I don't think we've ever gotten a complaint. I'm not sure who's offended that we're making fun of Kim Jong Il. Who wants to defend an insane Asian Communist dictator? On the Kim Jong Il stuff, I have Jim Ward, who's this brilliant impressionist. He does every accent. You need somebody brilliant like that, unless you want every character to sound like a middle-aged white guy.

How long have you been in radio?

A little more than 20 years.

And who's syndicating you now?

Jones Radio Network, along with Ed Schultz and Bill Press, and they actually do Neal Boortz, Clark Howard—people on both sides of the political spectrum.

Your show takes broad swipes at idiocy on the left and right, but there's no doubt where your heart is. Do you see that as weird: the daughter of a Republican taking on the conservative world?

I don't think we need to say, "We're left-wing; we're left-wing." You just do great radio. My show is a comedy show that happens to be hosted by a progressive. A lot of right-wingers listen. I get calls and e-mails all the time: "I don't agree with anything you say, but I love the show." Or "You're funny," or whatever. Rush Limbaugh wouldn't have his ratings if *only* conservatives listened.

But being the daughter of a former Republican Vice Presidential candidate makes you almost royalty.

I don't know about royalty. Maybe if my dad actually *won*, I'd be considered royalty. (*Laughs.*) I have no memories of that campaign. I was only three, so I always say, "You can't blame me 'cause I hadn't *said* anything yet." Somebody saw a picture of my dad holding me in a '64 campaign photo, me with my big Afro and unibrow. They said, "If your dad had just held a sack of potatoes instead of you, he might have at least carried Iowa."

If Karl Rove had been around then, he would have said, "Your dad had a black baby."

Right, the father was really Linc from *The Mod Squad*.

Goldwater being such a conservative icon and your dad being his running mate, did you feel pressure not to be part of the counterculture when you were growing up?

In college I was a theater student. I thought I was going to be Carol Burnett. My dad really did have friends on both sides of the aisle. He died in '83, right when I graduated from college, and I didn't get politically aware until much later. My politics, like a lot of peoples', grew out of a reaction to what the Republican Party became. I thought, *Man, when did this party get so mean and small and devisive?* It reached its zenith with the Bush Administration in terms of the fearmongering. It's certainly not what my dad and Barry stood for. *They* were fiscal conservatives, and now we've got a $300-billion deficit. There's one thing after another.

Barry Goldwater used to say, "Gays in the military: You don't have to *be* straight, you just have to *shoot* straight." He was pro-choice and pro-gay rights; he thought the government should stay out of people's lives, and this bears no resemblance to the Bush Administration today. The rhetoric around the Iraq War is unbelievable. In my dad and Goldwater's day, you'd never find them calling each other bad Americans or saying their political opponents hate the troops or want us to lose. Basically, these Bush people claim only Republicans are "good Americans" or patriotic or support the troops or believe in God or whatever.

You always seem to balance esoteric rhetoric on your show with goofiness or lowbrow gags—sort of Gore Vidal meets the Three Stooges.

Thank you very much. I'm saving America one fart joke at a time. Frankly, I don't think people want to be lectured to. If you can make them laugh, they don't even quite get that they might have learned something.

How do you deal with corporate prejudice against progressive talk radio?

My show's not any more controversial in its way than other shows. What we're doing is no more controversial than what Rush

The Stephanie Miller Show

can be heard on Sirius Left 146 and the following terrestrial radio stations:

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO: KABQ-AM 1350
ANCHORAGE, ALASKA: KUDO-AM 1080
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN: WLBY-AM 1290
ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA: KPEK-AM 880
ASTORIA, OREGON: KKEE-AM 1230
BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON: KBAI-AM 930
BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT: WKVT-AM 1490
BUFFALO, NEW YORK: WWKB-AM 1520
CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA: WCHL-AM 1360
CHARLESTON/HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA: WAIS-AM 770
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA: WVAX-AM 1450
CHICAGO: WCPT-AM 820
COLUMBUS, OHIO: WVKO-AM 1580
COOS BAY, OREGON: KBBR-AM 1340
DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA: WPUL-AM 1590
EDEN PRAIRIE, MINNESOTA: KTNF-AM 950
EUGENE, OREGON: KOPT-AM 1600
EUREKA, CALIFORNIA: KGOE-AM 1480
FARMINGTON HILLS, MICHIGAN: WDTW-AM 1310
GRAYS HARBOR, WASHINGTON: KXRO-AM 1320
ITHACA, NEW YORK: WNYY-AM 1470
KANAI, HAWAII: KQNG-AM 570
KIHEI, HAWAII: KAOI-AM 1110
LOS ANGELES: KTLK-AM 1150
MADISON, WISCONSIN: WXXM-FM 92.1
MEDFORD, OREGON: KEZX-AM 730
MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT: WMRD-AM 1150
MIRAMAR, FLORIDA: WINZ-AM 940
MISSOULA, MONTANA: KMPT-AM 930
NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS: WHMP-AM 1400
OLD SAYBROOK, CONNECTICUT: WLIS-AM 142
PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA: KPTR-AM 1340
PHOENIX: KPHX-AM 1480
RENO, NEVADA: KJFK-AM 1230
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA: WHAN-AM 1430
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK: WROC-AM 950
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA: KSAC-AM 1240
SAND CITY, CALIFORNIA: KRXA-AM 540
SAN FRANCISCO: KKGN-AM 960
SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIFORNIA: KYNS-AM 1340
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA: KIST-AM 1340
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO: KTRC-AM 1260
SEATTLE/TACOMA: KPTK-AM 1090
SPOKANE, WASHINGTON: KPTQ-AM 1280
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS: WHMP-AM 1400
TAOS, NEW MEXICO: KVOT-AM 1340
TUCSON, ARIZONA: KJLL-AM 1330
WASHINGTON, D.C.: WWW-AM 1500
WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA: WVLY-AM 1370

Limbaugh and Michael Savage do. Station managers and corporate owners may say about a show, "Oh, it's failing," when they know that's not true. You can spin ratings numbers to make it appear you're justified. The fact is, in a lot of markets we're doing very well. In Madison, Wisconsin, we were the number one station in the market. They were going to change the format to sports because of the same bullshit: "We can't sell your show." There was such an outcry in the community, the station changed its mind. Now we're *still* number one in that market.

The right-wing doesn't own radio. They keep putting out, "Oh, liberal talk doesn't work, and it's failing, and that's why Democrats want to regulate it with the Fairness Doctrine." That's bullshit, and they know it! They know there are a lot of good broadcasters who are getting good ratings and are succeeding. I think they use Air America's hard times as, "See! Liberal talk shows failed." That's *one* business plan from *one* syndicator. If they adjust their business, they'll succeed like other people do in progressive talk. Like I said, they spin numbers. Rush Limbaugh's ratings are down 60%. Here in L.A. his show is the lowest-rated on KFI.

But nobody says right-wing radio doesn't make money.

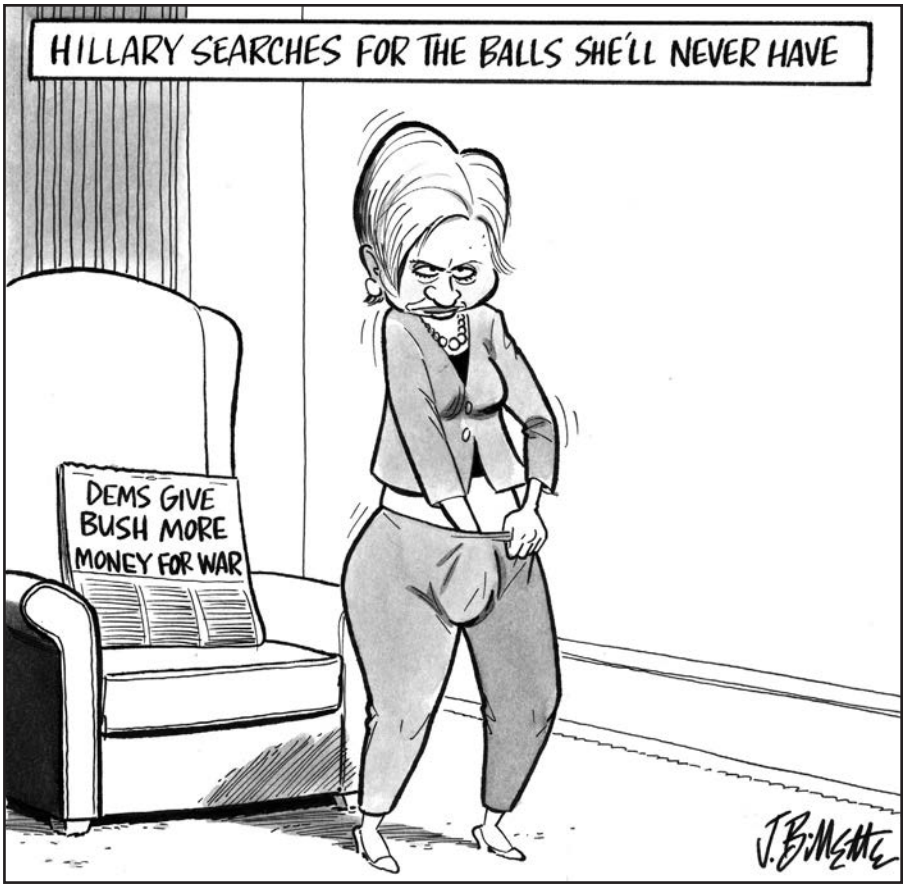
Right. Still, the fact is we're beating right-wing shows in many, many markets. Am I number one in every single market? No, but neither is Rush, nor is Hannity. Anybody can spin numbers and spin stories, but the fact is progressive talk is *not* failing. I'm on opposite Laura Ingraham; she's like the right-wing show in my time slot [on a competing station], and I have generally had double or even triple her ratings.

You seem to get educated callers as opposed to, say, Limbaugh's gang of ditto-head simpletons.

If someone says, "I happen to agree with everything you say," I'm like, "You know what? If you agree with *everything* I say, you're an idiot!" If you agree with everything *anyone* says, you're an idiot.

It doesn't sound like you're Fox News material.

Every day, Fox News takes what anybody on the Left says and just distorts it—like Rosie O'Donnell back when she was on *The View*. They asked for her view on *The View*, and she actually gave it! Imagine that?! Okay, sometimes she can be a bully. You may not agree with her on 9/11 or whatever, but she has a right to say it. She didn't call the troops "terrorists," you know, but that's the way they distort it. She was making a point about how many Iraqis had been killed.



There's only one set of facts. We can have opinions about them, what to do about them. I mean, it's like the truth is just the opposite of what's on Fox News. We just played something this morning with some right-wing blowhole saying, "'Don't ask, don't tell' is good policy, and most Americans agree with it." We thought, *Oh, it's Fox News. That's probably not true*. And it turned out to be completely *untrue*. Several polls revealed that most Americans think "Don't ask, don't tell" should be overturned.

Do you want to say anything about Larry Flynt and his million-dollar reward for information on hypocritical elected officials?

Well, the Right set themselves up 'cause they're always spouting about moral values, family values, gay-bashing and judging other people.

If conservatives weren't such hypocrites, we wouldn't be half as interested.

That was my argument during the Clinton impeachment. A personal life is personal. [Bill and Hillary's] marriage was none of our business and had nothing to do with his ability as a President. It was private, but that became the whole issue. Unless you *want* to talk about it, it really is none of our business.

Only in America can a Larry Flynt keep the Right on the straight and narrow.

Exactly. I love Larry. He used to come on the old show. I've got to get him back on.

Your format seems like it would be a natural for television, à la *The Daily Show*, but your foray into TV ended abruptly.

Yeah, we were all canned just before Christmas in 1995. "Merry Christmas! You're fired!" I love what I'm doing now. I don't really care if I do TV. Radio by its nature is more irreverent and more out there than television. You would have to change the radio show to fit television, or water it down. We definitely toned it down when we were on TV.

Would you feel comfortable telling us about your personal life?

The good news is I have no personal life, so unfortunately there's nothing juicy there. I joke about being an elderly shut-in, but it's not that far from the truth. I'm up at three in the morning to do the show. I sleep partially during the day, and at night I'm working. When you're in a topical news business, it's relentless. The news never stops. All day I'm pulling online stories, watching television for clips we're going to need, gathering e-mails that I'll use on the air, writing stuff. That's what I do: I work. And I do occasionally French kiss my dogs. That part *is* true!

"It's been determined that the lump in Ann Coulter's throat is not an Adam's apple, but rather the accumulation of Republican pundits' cum she's refused to swallow over the years."

ROXANNE

English Muffin

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SHAUN McMANUS

My God, I can't believe I'm really going to be in HUSTLER!" exults the British beauty known as **Roxanne**. "When I met the photographer who shot me, I thought he was lying. I figured he just wanted to shag. Turns out he was telling the truth, and I got to be naked in my favorite magazine. Brilliant!"

Once prim and proper, **Roxanne** is now an unabashed vixen. “I was kind of a late bloomer when it came to sex,” the lovely lass admits. “I wouldn’t even let guys get a peek at my knickers until I went to university. Of course, once I got there, I went really wild. I’ve tried everything at least twice.” With a chuckle, **Roxanne** pipes, “Okay, three times!” Everything? “Well, mostly,” she replies. “I wouldn’t mind trying anal, but I have to find the right guy.” It appears the sleek import is as ambitious as she is enticing. “I would love to be an international model,” **Roxanne** discloses. “Travel around the globe, being photographed with hot guys and girls. I think that this photo-shoot is the beginning of something big. I love having a chance to share my body with the world, and I hope your readers want to see more of me.”

ROXANNE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Leeds, England
AGE: 21
BIRTH SIGN: Libra
HEIGHT: 5-4

PHOTOS COURTESY ROCK 'N' ROLL FANTASY CAMP UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

So You Wanna Be a ROCK Star?

Brian Wilson

At one point in your life you dreamt of being a rock star. (We all did.) You were going to live life in the fast lane by hitting the road, touring the globe and packing stadiums with your adoring fans. You were going to be as big as some of your musical heroes. Plus, lots of groupies were going to visit you backstage to fulfill your every carnal desire. You were a pretty good musician. Then along the way you took a dead-end job to pay the bills or you got your ditzy girlfriend pregnant. Well, if you still have the chops (or are willing to bone up) and aren't deterred by the around-12-grand price tag, you can recapture those long-ago hopes and be a rock star—at least for a few days.

PHOTO BY LADYVON JANSKY

Bruce Kulick

SHOCK JOCK ROCKS!

HOW I LIVED OUT MY ROCK 'N' ROLL FANTASY

BY MANCOW MULLER

Sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll! (Well, okay, some real rock 'n' roll, anyways!) I've interviewed stars before, but it was never like this! I made lifelong friends with some of the greats of modern music because of Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy Camp. Except for the birth of my daughters, I've never cried from joy like I did at Rock Camp.

Imagine singing lead and all these other guys are groovin' along with you: Nick Mason (founding member of Pink Floyd), Alan White (Yes), Simon Kirke (Bad Company), underrated great Mickey Dolenz (the Monkees), the Cars' Elliot Easton and members of KISS, AC/DC, Guns N' Roses, the Knack, the Hudson Brothers, the Archies and the John Mayer Band!

Do you have any musical talent? I don't! And luckily, it's not about that. You break bread, share stories and dream with your heroes. You're side by side with schoolteachers, future stars like Lady Fox (a hot, single L.A. singer!), Ed Oates (one of the founders of tech giant Oracle), Berent O. Bodel of American Seafoods (which provides all the fish for every fast food restaurant) and just regular folk.

The whole shebang is produced by David Fishoff. He's the impresario who put the Monkees back together, sent Ringo out on the road with his All-Starr Band and repped baseball's Lou Piniella and ex-football player/actor Fred Dryer.

How about a private show with the greatest living rock legend of all, the Beach Boys' Brian Wilson? Okay, he zombie-

More Mancow bell!

BY KEITH VALCOURT

N' ROLL STAR?

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

Elliot Easton

Welcome to the ultimate musical experience: Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy Camp. For ten years now, wannabe rockers from all walks of life have been teamed up with bandmates and real-life superstar "camp counselors" who take their charges through the process of creating a band, writing songs, jamming and prepping for the concert of a lifetime. Legendary producer David Fishoff—the man behind the Monkees reunion and Ringo Starr's All-Starr Band outings—created the concept. Held in Los Angeles, London, New York, Nashville and Las Vegas, the fantasy camps have featured such rock titans as Roger Daltrey of the Who, Paul Stanley of KISS and Bret Michaels of Poison.

HUSTLER witnessed the 2008 Presidents' Day Weekend camp in L.A., where dozens of campers took breaks from their day jobs to jam with celebrity counselors Mickey Dolenz (the Monkees), Elliot Easton (the Cars), Bruce Kulick (KISS), Glenn Hughes (Deep Purple), Alan White (Yes) and more. Also on hand for guest appearances *(continued on page 59)*

Monkee Man: Mickey Dolenz

Who let Corey Feldman in?!

stumbled onto and off the stage—but when he finally performed, it was a religious experience.

How about talking to Pink Floyd's Nick Mason about crazy Syd Barrett (the original singer) and the pissed-off Roger Waters. I asked about *Dark Side of the Moon* synching up with *The Wizard of Oz*, and Nick replied, "You smoke enough weed, mate, and watch *any* movie, and parts will seem to match!"

Alan White, on recording "Imagine" with John Lennon: "Three takes. Two rehearsals and we kept the third."

Gorgeous Brooke Taylor was there from the hit HBO reality series *Cathouse*. Yeah, at the world-famous Nevada brothel she's a hard-bodied legal prostitute, but at Rock Camp she was a singing sensation!

Glenn Hughes—of Deep Purple and Black Sabbath fame—must be my brother from another mother. This guy did more drugs and groupies than Jim Morrison, yet still looks 30 years old and rocks like a teen!

Wait! Conference call with the Moody Blues! And then it's off to record an original song. With five brain tumors, Doug Fieger—leader of the Knack ("My Sharona")—asks me to get my church to pray for him.

Why is Ron "the Hedgehog" Jeremy here? Name-dropping? My guess: He's scrounging for free food.

Hef's three girlfriends from *The Girls Next Door* want to come see us perform at the House of Blues on the Sunset Strip? *O-kay!*

Huh?! You say Slash and the Who's Roger Daltrey were here…and I *missed* them?!

All walks of mortals mingle and bond with the rock gods and are changed forever—all for a price that's less than what I paid for two Paul McCartney tickets in Chicago. And I didn't get to be up onstage with McCartney!

And now? I'm home, raising kids, getting nagged by my wife and doing my grueling radio show. I can't wait to live the dream again at the next Rock Camp!

Broadcast in more than two dozen markets on the Free Speech Radio Network, Chicago-based Mancow Muller is the controversial talk jock who has tangled with FCC censors more often than Britney Spears has flashed her cooze. Mancow describes himself as a conservative, Bible-thumping libertarian who curses.

BROOKE TAYLOR: That Girl Can Sing!

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

We already knew the star of HBO's reality show *Cathouse* could rock. We just never knew how hard! HUSTLER chatted up the talented cutie at this year's Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy Camp in Los Angeles.

HUSTLER: What brought you down here?

BROOKE TAYLOR: We did a *Cathouse* musical. I have a degree in music therapy, so that was right up my alley. Dennis Hof, who owns the BunnyRanch, knows Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy Camp producer David Fishoff and told him, "You got to see the musical. You got to see Brooke sing." So David did and then invited me to come out. I said of course! Who would miss an opportunity like this?!

Was there a preconceived notion that you couldn't sing because you work in the sex business?

Totally! We had our first performance last night onstage. All I heard afterwards was how everyone was really surprised, which is not bad. I would rather have their expectations be lower and surprise them. At least it was a good surprise. I heard the gossip when I got here that everyone was a little skeptical.

Here you have this beautiful woman who is in the sex industry, but can she really sing? I'm happy to prove people wrong.

Are you a trained vocalist?

French horn is my primary instrument. That's really what I grew up with. I was always sort of a closet singer. HBO pulled me out of that closet. Ever since then it's been "Here I am! Listen to me sing!"

Have you thought about transitioning from the sex industry into music full-time?

I would love to pursue music as a career. I'm lucky. I'm so privileged that the BunnyRanch allows me to get opportunities like this to make connections and pursue my dreams. I'm lucky that it's a flexible job and that I can do both. It's not a problem to work a couple of weeks at the Ranch and then come to Los Angeles to do an album for a little while.

So you plan to record an album?

I would really like to. I think after being here, the bug has really bit me, and it has sunk in that this is what I would love to do. I'm definitely going to take the necessary steps to make sure that I can keep doing this. I don't want this weekend to end. I have to display all my oral skills somewhere! (*Laughs.*)

What kind of music do you like?

I like everything. I really do have an eclectic taste in music. I love rock 'n' roll. Who doesn't? I also love hip-hop, funk and soul. I love R&B. The only thing I really don't get into is country and heavy metal. I also love jazz. How could I forget jazz? I can get a little Ella Fitzgerald on you. I could do that.

Could you be one of the rare cases of someone in the sex industry achieving mainstream success?

Totally! Why not? So many people have asked me, "How can you go from what you do now to mainstream?" I always say I'm not afraid of surprising people and bringing down misconceptions. I'm all for it. To me that is all the more reason why I should. You never know where you're going to see me.

What do you think of HUSTLER?

I love it! I want to pose for you guys. Can I see the recent issue? (*Brooke flips through the magazine.*) Check out all these hot girls. My God, I'd love to have that pussy. You guys need to put me in HUSTLER!

The upcoming October '08 issue will feature Brooke Taylor's nude layout, plus details on how to win a date with the BunnyRanch's star attraction. Want more? Go to **TheBrookeTaylor.com** *and* **BunnyRanch.com**.

The girl's got rhythm: Brooke and AC/DC's Cliff Williams.

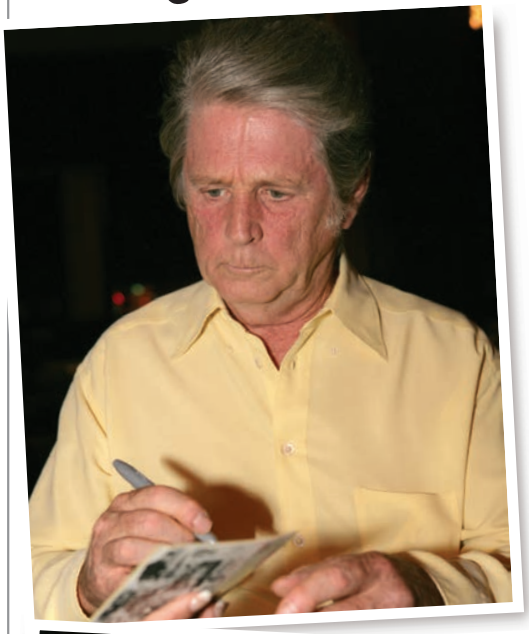
The Hedgehog, a Hudson Brother (Mark) and the hottie.

(continued from page 57) were Pink Floyd drummer Nick Mason, AC/DC bassist Cliff Williams and tortured genius Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys.

But the presence of several odd and bloated rock luminaries wasn't what generated a lot of buzz at the L.A. camp. Instead, the center of attention was an unassuming blond pixie with a surprisingly huge voice named Brooke Taylor, the star of the HBO reality show *Cathouse*. Wowing even the most jaded of rockers, Taylor delivered a performance that prompted camp counselor/rock icon Glenn Hughes of Deep Purple to proclaim: "She's the real deal, man. Her voice is amazing, and she completely rocked it!"

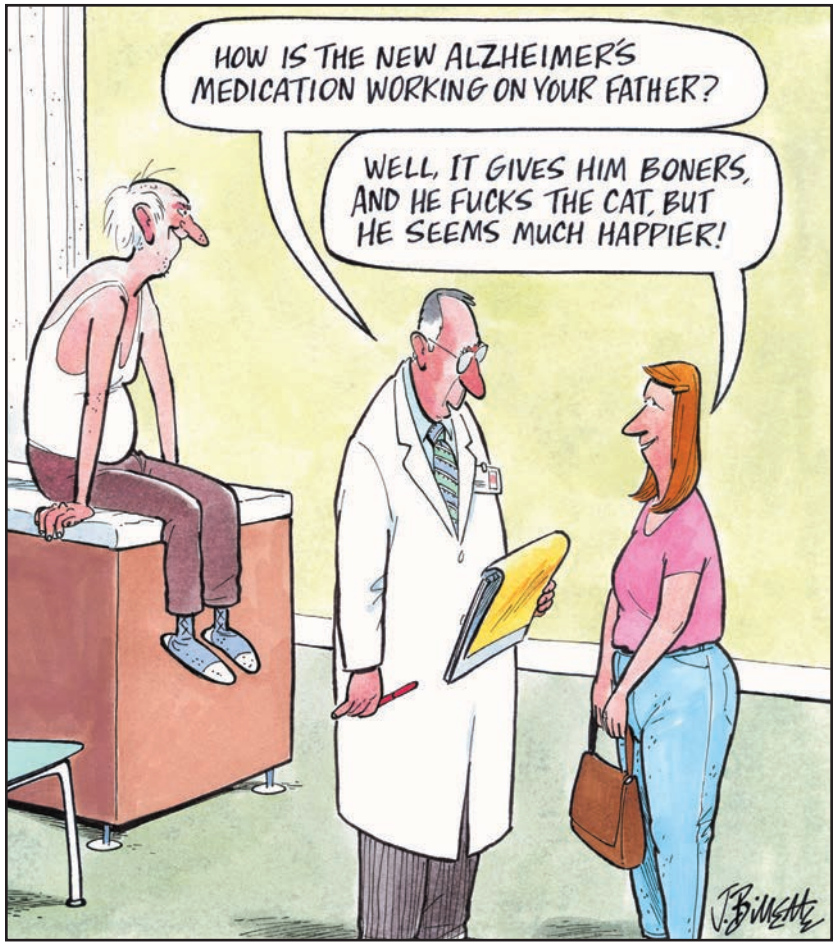
The fantasy extravaganza culminated with a fully produced concert at the House of Blues on West Hollywood's Sunset Strip. One by one, the seven camp bands took the stage and rocked their way through tight, 20-minute sets of familiar hits in front of an appreciative audience packed with family, friends and L.A. music fans.

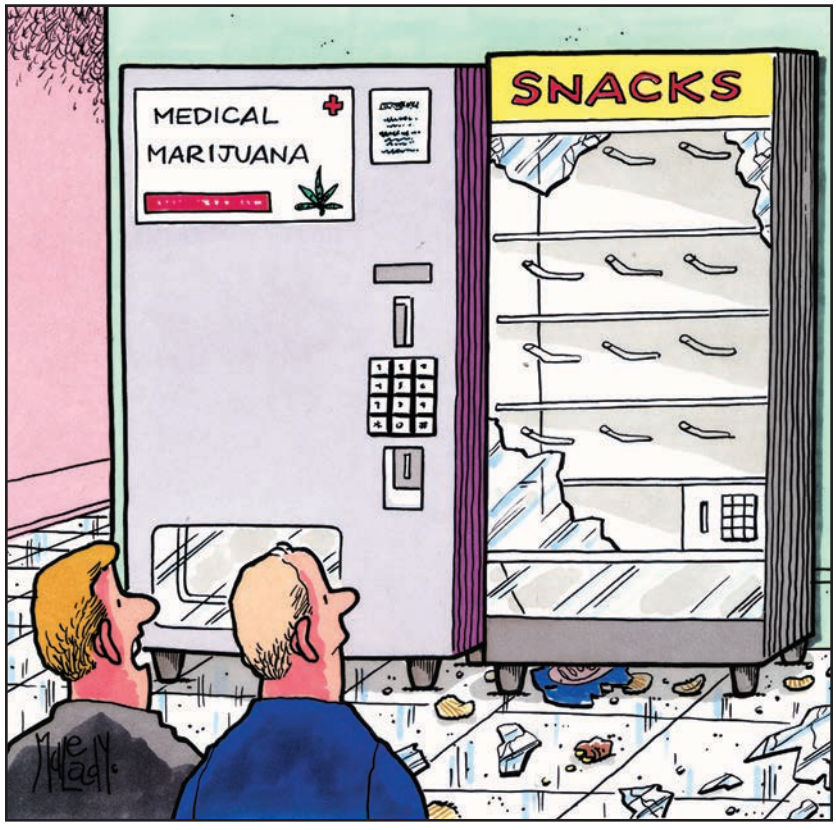
If you'd like your chance to rock, check out **RockCamp.com** for upcoming events and tour information.



Blasts from the past: Rock Camp idols Brian Wilson (above) and Mickey Dolenz.

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY


HOW IS THE NEW ALZHEIMER'S MEDICATION WORKING ON YOUR FATHER?
WELL, IT GIVES HIM BONERS, AND HE FUCKS THE CAT, BUT HE SEEMS MUCH HAPPIER!
J. Bilstein



"Whoever decided to put a snack machine next to a medical marijuana machine must have had his head up his ass!"

SCREEN NAME:

Nicole

AGE: 25

STATUS: Single

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 559

LOCATION: Rochester, Minnesota

URL: MySpace.com/NikkiKiger

"I remember in kindergarten, I was in the bathroom. This boy crawled under the stall, and we kissed." That was the beginning of Nikki-Marie's romances. Growing up on a farm in Minnesota, the spunky blonde played volleyball and softball, sowing her wild oats with summertime skinny-dipping and eventually the greatest sport of all.

Nikki-Marie first went all the way when she was 16. "It must have been good," she recalls with a laugh, "because I ended up staying with the guy for eight years! It was down in the basement, the coolest part of the house, while my parents were away." Cold air is a big turn-on for the country gal, who loves spending winter nights basking nude in her outdoor hot tub.

There's not much to do in the boonies besides fuck, and Nikki-Marie admits she's done plenty of that. The weirdest place? "In a barn," she replies. "Right after cleaning the stalls and laying down fresh hay."

With more than one partner? "Not at once," the immodest MySpacer chirps. "Back to back, though. One in the living room, one in a bedroom. There was alcohol, and the guys were brothers." Reflecting momentarily, Nikki-Marie adds, "I don't drink anymore."

Tragically, her long-time boyfriend recently passed away, and Nikki-Marie is just now getting the urge to socialize. But the nurse's hometown is short on prospects. "You're dating everybody who's ever dated any of your friends," Nikki-Marie laments.

But one local resident has caught her eye. "He's a good-looking boy," Nikki-Marie tells us, "and he doesn't smoke and doesn't drink—and he's got gorgeous eyes."

We must admit to being a bit jealous, but Nikki-Marie may have found her new Mr. Right. Good luck, sweetheart.

THE GIRLS OF MY SP

BY JOSH STEICHMANN

PHOTOS BY XOXO PHOTOGRAPHY

ACE #19: Nikki-Marie

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine or by e-mailing *Hustler@LFP.com.*

Girl

Reporter **Nicole McClelland** signs up with a bustling Web site that steers wealthy men to much younger women.

friends for Rent

Few things are less appetizing than a "gentleman" four years my father's junior—a dumpy, pasty, greedy-eyed coot in a gray suit—asking me over a big bowl of warm apple crisp if I enjoy anal sex. But since the presumtuous sugar daddy, who admitted that he didn't care to screw fat women because they're harder to overpower, wants to offer me hard cash plus perks—dinners, gifts and shopping sprees—to get naked with him, I keep my tight young ass in its place, laugh politely and pick up my fork.

I learned about **SugarDaddies.com** in a roundabout way, through an acquaintance I'll call "Kim," who had recommended it to my friend Marsha. Marsha was having trouble finding a job despite (or because of) earning her master's in media arts several months earlier. Kim collected $900 every time she went on a date with one of her sugar daddies; another gave her $3,500 in less than a week before announcing he had to end the arrangement because his wife had found out. Kim's best friend, "Jill"—a 19-year-old blonde with amazing lips—had two sugar daddies giving her a combined $8,000 a month until one got jealous of the other.

All I had to do to gain access to the "meeting grounds of the rich and the beautiful" was enter a username ("Nextdoor_Nicole"); some vitals like age (I lied and said 23, afraid 27 would be overripe); marital status ("Do You Care?" is kind of an exciting choice); body type (slim); and "Expectation: Select Financial Assistance You Desire," which ranges up to "more than $10,000 per month." So as not to seem like a gold digger, I guess, I chose "negotiable" and slapped up a picture my mom took of me last Christmas.

By the following day I'd received 13 e-mails and six kisses, whatever that means, and been checked out by 36 wealthy, older men, two of whom added me to their "favorite list."

Which brings me to my place across the table from Do You Like Anal? Even before our cocktails arrive, he puts proprietary hands on my shoulders and hips. By the time dessert comes, he's bartering for carnal treasure, asking me if I'd want to "hang out" once a week. I ask him if "hang out" is a euphemism for "screw." The man says yes; I say that I wouldn't consider it for less than $5,000 a month. He counters with $3,000.

There is actually no stack of cash large enough to persuade me to have sex with this old fart, but as his annual income is listed by **SugarDaddies.com** as "more than $1,000,000," I feel slighted. I ask the tightwad why he uses the Web site if he's not prepared to dole it out, and he says that regular dating sites don't cater to his preferences regarding age or "sensuality" and that the young girls on Craigslist are all unclassy whores. This statement is shortly followed by an offer of $500 to "get into" my "cooch."

A double vodka doesn't do nearly enough to blunt the commentary he provides about his, um, girth and more glowing egotistical blather. "Enough about me," moneybags says 20 minutes in. "Tell me about you. What do you think about me?" As he prates, one of my roommates—charged with checking in on me—texts: "If he gets you the guacamole egg rolls, you owe him a BJ. Also, ask him if I can have a pony."

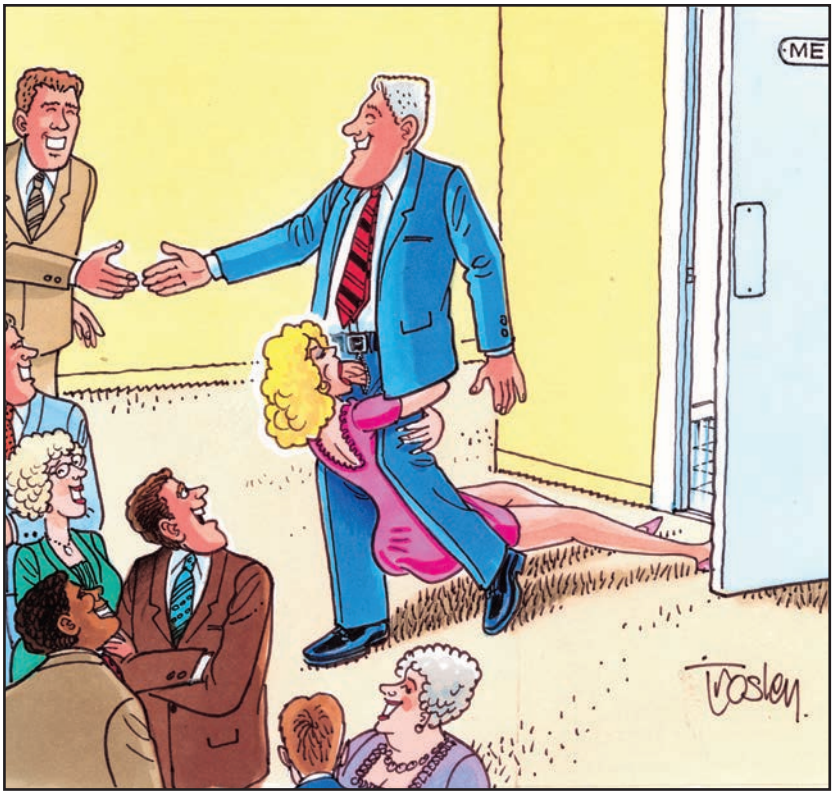
When I arrive home to a houseful of twentysomethings, we rail against the lowball. The lone male in the group asks, "Would it have made a difference if he'd been attractive?" Nobody answers for a second.

"Probably," I concede, and everyone reluctantly agrees. We are all sex-positive feminists here, offended not that the prospective sugar daddy offered me money for sex, but that he offered so little and was so gross. And if the idea of doing him were palatable—and if I were single—it's possible he'd be doing double duty as my boyfriend and payroll officer.

Clearly I'm not the only one intrigued by such a setup. Every time I log on to **SugarDaddies.com** (a/k/a **SugarDaddyForMe.com**), around 2,000 other members are also online. With 100,000 users, **SeekingArrangement.com**—"the meeting place for mutually beneficial relationships"—pulls in $1 million annually. **SugarDaddies.com**—"where the classy, attractive and affluent can meet"—has 200,000 users.

"These Web sites make [meeting and negotiating] very efficient," says historian Ruth Rosen, the author of *The Lost Sisterhood*, a book on prostitution. "Because it's very clear; you don't have to use coded language."

Rosen adds, "It's many fewer hours than



"Most men just have a piece of toilet paper stuck to their heel."

working at Wal-Mart, and if it's not completely disgusting, the women may see it as just something that doesn't particularly identify them in any way. In other words, their identity as a person may not be, 'I am a prostitute or a sex worker.' It's just, 'I do this in order to support myself.'"

Steve Pasternack, **SugarDaddies.com**'s founder, offers a more romantic view. "It's just natural for guys to want to take care of women and women to want to be taken care of," he explains. "It's hard to find a nice guy that's successful and who isn't gonna split the bill at McDonald's."

So true. Thus, three days later I'm pretending to negotiate with Potential Sugar Daddy No. 2. He's looking for a friend, someone he can trust, someone who is much younger and hotter than his wife. The man doesn't want a professional. He just wants to replace his last beloved sugar baby, who, he claims, slept with him four to eight times a week for $300 a pop, technically making her a professional. But like my first "date," he isn't here to quibble over semantics.

"Under California law, solicitation is to offer or accept anything of value for sexual services," stipulates Hoover Institute fellow Joseph McNamara, who once served as police chief of San Jose. "But this is right on the line. If the relationship exists for some time, and the guy is megarich, he can give you whatever he wants; it's not prostitution anymore. Let's face it. A lot of relationships are like that. It's a common thing."

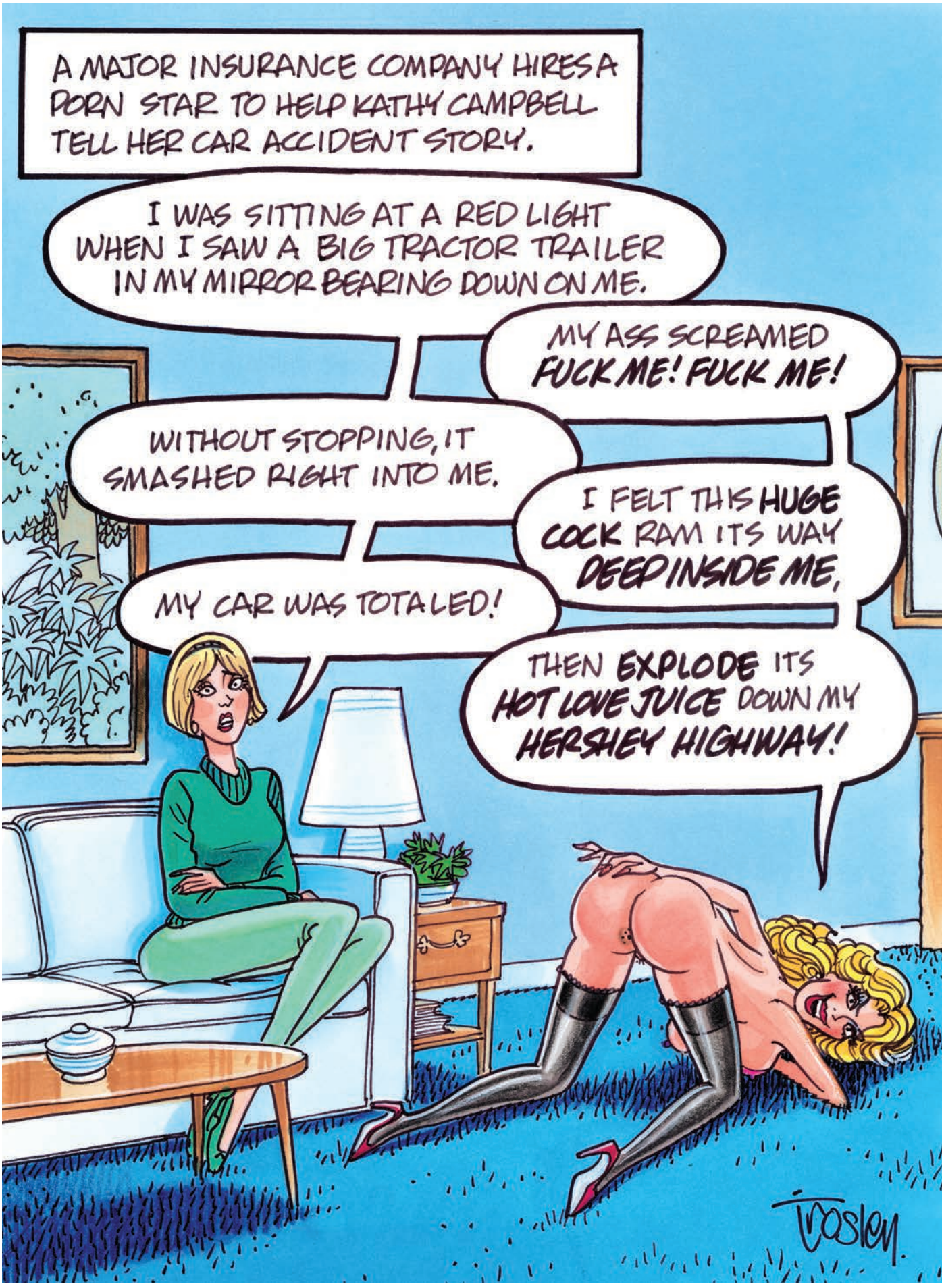
Marsha—my friend of the disheartening search for a post-graduate-school job—initially scowls when I tell her what Sugar Daddy No. 2 offered me. I point out that it took me two days to get a pair of offers that pay more than my editorial job at *Mother Jones* and that I could earn $9,600 a month—$115,200 a year—when the average starting salary for someone with humanities masters degrees like ours is $39,808.

Marsha sighs, "I really don't know if I could stand banging some disgusting creep for money. But there are really some pretty compelling reasons to try."

Sharing that sentiment, a lawyer tells me, "I paid 100 grand to go to law school, and I could make more money on my back." I elicit similar responses from an executive assistant, a service industry worker and a middle-school teacher, who hold five degrees between them.

Even writer Ruth Rosen, after asking me how much I'm "worth," exclaims, "That's a lot! Think about your income. Think about *mine*. I'm not advocating this. I'm just saying I can understand the calculations."

Nicole McClelland is a copy editor at *Mother Jones* magazine and the founding editor of *The Extrovert*. The twentysomething from San Francisco isn't looking for a sugar daddy, so don't call her.


A MAJOR INSURANCE COMPANY HIRES A PORN STAR TO HELP KATHY CAMPBELL TELL HER CAR ACCIDENT STORY.
I WAS SITTING AT A RED LIGHT WHEN I SAW A BIG TRACTOR TRAILER IN MY MIRROR BEARING DOWN ON ME.
MY ASS SCREAMED FUCK ME! FUCK ME!
WITHOUT STOPPING, IT SMASHED RIGHT INTO ME.
I FELT THIS HUGE COCK RAM ITS WAY DEEP INSIDE ME,
MY CAR WAS TOTALED!
THEN EXPLODE ITS HOT LOVE JUICE DOWN MY HERSHEY HIGHWAY!
TRUSLOW

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Making Beautiful Music Together

MIKAYLA & GEORGIA JONES

With a warm breeze caressing their bodies, these two *turistas* notice there's more to look at than the breathtaking Mexican countryside. Although gorgeous **Georgia** has never had a lesbian experience, she really enjoys it when guitar player **Mikayla** darts south of the border on her. **Georgia** returns the favor by strumming her sexy gal pal's perfect pussy. After a few minutes of mutual manipulation, the Southern belle realizes it's time to take the plunge and taste **Mikayla**'s tight, delicious taco. Two horny babes getting down and dirty in sunny Mexico. Now that's *muy caliente!*

See **Mikayla** strum it in *Bitches in Heat #2*, *Pussy to Pussy* and *Young Girls' Fantasies #5* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

Some Like It

The wide world of sex offers myriad preferences: ethnicities from Asians to Ukrainians; alternative lifestyles, such as gay or swinging; kinky practices like BDSM or golden showers; high heels, balloons, fuzzy costumes. "There's basically a fetish out there for everybody," says Miss Mina, who should know. She's the 295-pound hostess of **MissMinaBBW.com**.

BBW stands for "big, beautiful woman"—an overweight, fat, pudgy, roly-poly, morbidly obese, corpulent, chubby chick. Mina says BBW qualifications are "debatable. It must be somebody weighing at least 175 to 200 pounds. It also depends upon height, how you carry your weight and are proportioned."

Mandy Blake notes: "Usually size 11 to 18 is a plumper, while 18 and up is a BBW. More than 300 is a supersized BBW."

FAT

The Skinny on the BBW Sexual Mystique

MANDY BLAKE PHOTOS BY TONY404

Miss Mina

Webmistresses Mandy, Mina and Lexi Vaine gave HUSTLER the skinny on BBW. Mandy is 27, 5-foot-10 and 340 pounds, with a 44DDD bust, 45-inch waist and 64-inch ass. Hailing from a small town in Wisconsin, Mandy recalls, "I've always been big. Both my parents were heavy. I've always been comfortable with it and confident in myself, so I never felt the need to diet."

After one college semester, Mandy relocated to Atlanta, where in 2001 she launched **MandysPlayhouse.com**. Generating six figures annually, the site is humongous. "I have over 18,000 exclusive pictures, 330 video clips, weekly live camshows and BBW artwork that fans submit," Mandy tells us. "There're also erotic stories, articles, access to sexy cartoons and video feeds."

One of the most popular features is live camshows. "I'll be anywhere from dressed casually to in lingerie," the bisexual Webmistress continues. "I always chat with everybody first, then strip. The show usually involves dildos, vibrators and having fun with everybody watching."

Mandy also does "private shows, a one-way audio/video, talking with members, masturbating; sometimes they just want to look at certain body parts. Sometimes we do a two-way show. I get to watch them masturbating with me, which is always fun. I'm open to most things, like role-playing and stuff like that. Obviously, I won't do illegal activities."

Wearing high heels and a black thong with a leather waist-cincher accentuating her bountiful assets, Mandy was a repeat cover-girl for *Big Butt Magazine*, the "World's Dirtiest Ass Magazine," which runs headlines like "Her Ass Was a Sight to Behold."

Miss Nude BBW in 2007 and 2008, Lexi Vaine wobbles between 260 and 270 pounds, with 44HHH breasts, a 44-to-45-inch waist and 56-inch derriere on a 5-4 frame. Lexi, 35, was born in southern Illinois, which was, in her words, "very rural and finite." She recalls, "Teenagers did what we could to amuse ourselves. It was fun to hang out with a crowd of boys I was popular with. I got myself into a little bit of trouble now and then. I fought with girls over boys, but nothing that landed me in juvenile hall."

At age 19, Lexi moved to Georgia and immediately put on pounds. "It must have been that Southern cooking," the BBW quips. "I was always well-built, very hippy and assy with big tits. I gained lots of weight between 1992 and 1995. When you're loved, you can let yourself go. My husband-to-be always told me how incredibly beautiful I was. He never made me feel like gaining weight was bad, so I never really worried. For him, the big deal was huge breasts."

Another "happy relationship" developed when Lexi began modeling at Mandy's Web site. "Having sex with Mandy was beautiful," she

MISS MINA PHOTOS BY TOP CAT DIGITAL • MISSMINABBW.COM

says. “Any time you get to romp around with a beautiful woman, it’s always fun. She’s playful. Our personalities really click. We’re both physically attracted to each other. It’s pretty hot.”

By 2005, Lexi was running her own paysite (**BBWLexi.com**) complete with sexy pictures, videos and live Webcams. “The site is about 90% solo,” Lexi explains. “My husband participated in some clips. I really have a good time doing photo-shoots. I giggle a lot and start clothed in a sexy outfit. I play and flirt with the camera until I’m nude, then masturbate with toys or my hand, showing how sexy a BBW is. Generally, I save up lots of sexual energy for the weekends, so I’m pretty horny.

“During my camshows,” bisexual Lexi adds, “I usually have multiple orgasms. I always get out my favorite toys, especially the little silver bullet vibrating on the clitoris. I get comments about how sexy I look and e-mail requests for certain positions and, in private shows, what to wear. They’re fun to do. The customers tell you to do whatever they want and direct. They’re mostly male, with a few lesbians.”

Shedding light on her private shows, Lexi coos, “I have lots of men who want a mama or more dominant figure. If anybody has any fetish or fantasy, such as a cuckolding scene, I try to help them out. I enjoy being the center of attention.” Although Lexi has an anything-goes attitude, she draws the line at fisting, peeing, scat, children, animals and any illegal acts. “Otherwise, I’m really sexually adventurous and open for suggestions,” she declares. “For anybody with self-esteem issues, I’d highly recommend having a Web site.”

Miss Mina, 30, derives her name from Mina Harker, whose blood is sucked in *Dracula*. “There’s something about vampires,” says the 5-foot-6, 42D-44-60, 295-pound Webmistress/model. “They have power and are sexy. The whole thought of my neck being bitten by a vampire is so hot. I have a tattoo of bite marks on my neck.”

Born in Philadelphia, Mina had “a normal, regular dysfunctional family and childhood, like everybody else.” After her older brother

Lexi Vaine

was killed, Mina relocated to New England. In 2001, at the suggestion of her late husband—an aficionado of porn in general and big butts in particular—the high school dropout started doing Webcams, which led to establishing her membership site.

“It pays my bills, makes six figures a year and showcases my kinky side,” Mina touts. “I like being dominant, to have full control all the time, to humiliate and degrade guys. I get lots of fans into ass worship; I have an enormous ass, which is my biggest attraction. I’m into anal, oral and rough sex. I like trying all different kinds of new, exciting, kinky things. I like to have my hair pulled, my ass slapped and ride a cock real hard and fast. I like to be fucked real hard and fast, and just have sweaty sex. I like being watched and having full attention. I’m just an attention whore!”

Greeting visitors with the hearty hostess flexing her bare ass cheeks, **MissMinaBBW.com** offers video, photos, text and video chats, private camshows, audio files, phone sex, e-shopping, a designer label, plus a unique offering. “Fart fetish,” chortles Mina, whose bodacious backside has graced the cover of *Big Butt Magazine.* “I have a huge fan base for that. I started getting requests for it from men who loved my big, juicy ass. Farting’s fun; everybody laughs when someone farts. I giggle when I do it. They like it, I like it, so, it’s supply and demand. However, I don’t scat.”

Describing herself as “definitely straight,” Mina admits, “Previously I had some lesbian encounters. They were fun and interesting. I was experimenting. But I’m strictly dickly. I love cock; the bigger the better. I’m a size queen. I like really, really big dicks, and length isn’t as important as width. I want to feel it. I’m flexible: I can get into pretty much any position I want to.”

So what’s the BBW allure? Who finds it

BBW WEB SITES

MANDY BLAKE: **MandysPlayhouse.com**

LEXI VAINE: **BBWLexi.com**
BBWAdultMag.com

MISS MINA: **MissMinaBBW.com**
MySpace.com/MissMinaBBW
FatPornStarBlog.com
FatPhoneFlirt.com

appealing? Mandy considers BBW to be "a fetish that appeals to the whole gamut, any age or financial group." From her perspective, "It all depends upon the person. I have members who are large themselves, but most aren't. Some are bodybuilders in excellent physical condition. Some people like that feeling of being encompassed in flesh. There's lots more to love. Many tell me they like the extra curves, extra softness. Some say it's like being with a real woman, not all skin and bones. Bigger asses, hips, boobs—there's actually something to hold onto."

Lexi adds: "On MySpace, 90% of my friends are hot guys, really into working out. I think most guys prefer a curvier woman. They don't go for stick-thin girls. Just because a woman isn't the skinny-model type doesn't mean she's not lovable, fun and sexual."

Mina sums it up: "Some guys like chicks with extremely big boobs or flat chests. Some like hairy pussies, some like shaved. It's just preference."

What's sex with a BBW like? "I've really found no difference, no problems or anything," Mandy asserts. "Certain positions are not as easy to do if you're 300 pounds versus 110. You're always going to have some good, some bad. It all depends on the person."

Lexi recognizes her limitations. "When I was skinnier," she says, "I'd be on top a lot more. Now, after a few minutes, my legs get tired. Having been thin and fat, I've seen both sides. Other than not wanting to ride on top for hours at a time, there's no big difference between having sex with a slim girl or BBW. It's all in the personality of the girl—and how wild and frisky you're feeling at the time."

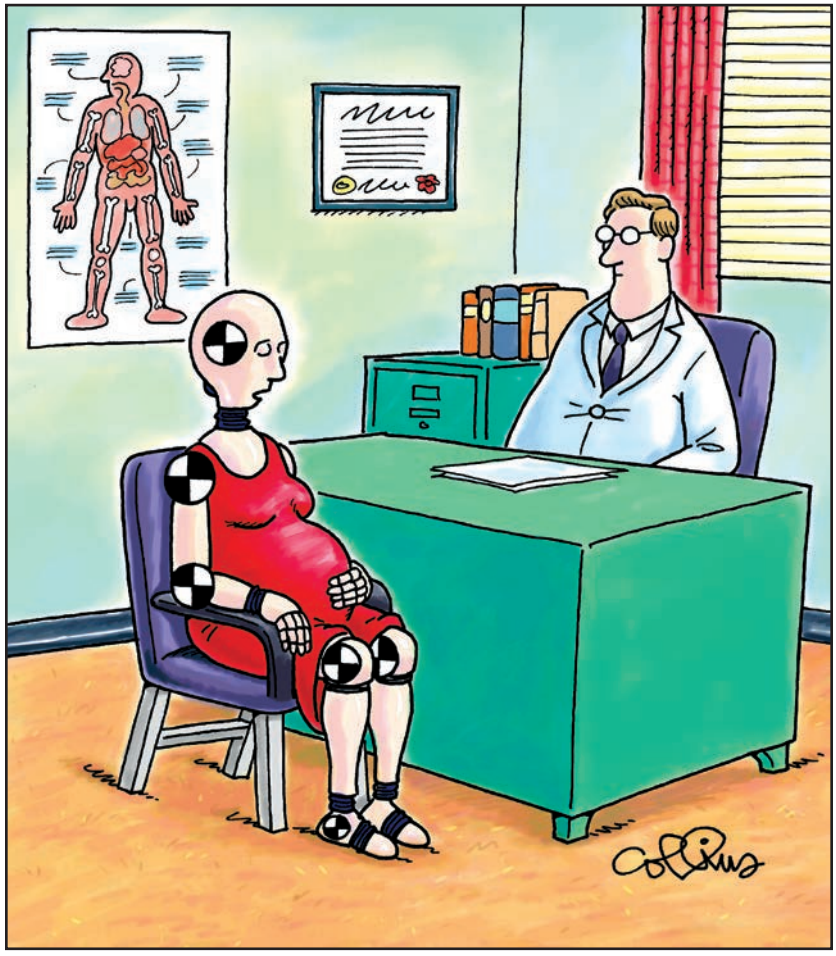
In her letters column, Lexi writes about positions and penetration, advising: "Doggy-style works great. Missionary works fine for me. It may be a problem for supersized BBWs. But if you're willing to move it around a bit, you can do it. A fat woman should have no trouble whatsoever. It's not like the man has to be 12 inches."

Although Mina prefers well-endowed men, she says, "I've been with real skinny and heavy guys. Honestly, I don't notice the difference. If two people are really big and trying to fuck, it's a challenge. If the stomach wasn't in the way, it would protrude further. You're limited in what you can do. Doggy-style works."

Mandy notes, "One of the benefits about being a BBW is that well-hung guys can really fuck me hard, as opposed to 100-pound girls who'd get hurt. One amazing thing when I started my site was that all these really hot guys wrote saying I was hot and they wanted to fuck me."

Health—including diabetes—can be a concern for BBWs, but according to youthful Mandy, Lexi and Mina, this hasn't become a problem. "I don't change my life worrying about the future," carefree Lexi remarks. "Weighing 500 pounds or 110, I could get hit by a bus."

"Bambi, darlin', I think folks are getting smarter—mainly because it's getting harder and harder to con them out of their cash."



"It was an accident."

The Art of Cruelty

ILLUSTRATION BY FERRES

HUSTLER'S

TABOO ILLUSTRATED

Taking kinky sex images to the hard edge.

PHOTOGRAPHS RARELY CAPTURE THE CONFLICTING ELEMENTS of otherworldly beauty and cruel raunch that power sadomasochism's dark, compelling allure. This may account for the durable popularity of BDSM-inspired art and illustration. These are situations that would not necessarily arouse us in real life, or in which we would ever want to see real human beings trapped. But when they are captured on ink and paper, they grab us by our private parts—high and low—and won't let go.

Whether stark black-and-white or visceral color, hand-drawn or springing to still life from a computer, imagery such as this reflects our inner turmoil. We want and need to maintain some sense of our better selves, that "normal" part of our makeup. Yet we are drawn paradoxically, perversely, to satisfy our hunger without regard to the cost to others.

ILLUSTRATION BY DOVAL

Cruelty is woven into nature's elaborate design from the first strand of DNA: Death is the flip side of life; pain, the equal and opposite number to pleasure. What we make of this dichotomy is our choice. We can create or appreciate art that arouses us as much as it frightens us—imagery that stokes the sexual embers at the same moment it turns our stomachs.

With art, as opposed to reality, we give ourselves an outlet for these perverse desires that cause no actual harm or pain. We allow ourselves to become embraced by the grip of emotions that are figuratively, literally and sometimes even legally "forbidden."

ILLUSTRATION BY TEMPLETON

[Cruelty is woven into nature's elaborate design from the first strand of DNA.]

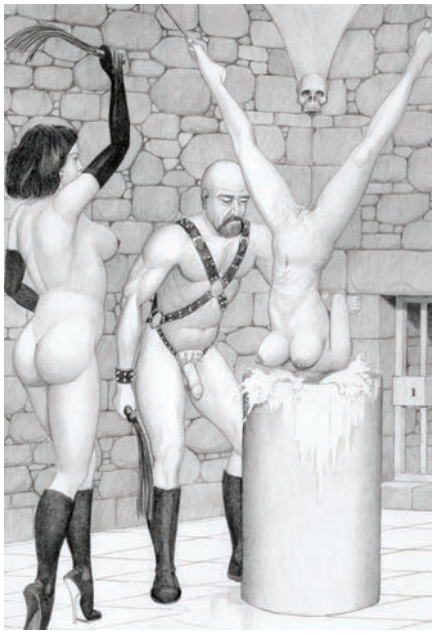
We experienced that visceral grip ten years ago perusing a black-and-white digest-format magazine from Spain called *Fansadox*. It featured classic men's adventure mag stories of white slavery, historical barbarism and true-crime brutality, but framed by illustrations of lovely, suffering, submissive victims more explicit than any publication of an earlier era would have dared print.

The creator of this Sadean world is a funny, passionate, fiercely ambitious entrepreneur named Nuria, who had started out by publishing a yachting magazine and found greater profit in bringing ultrahard kink art to the masses. An early adopter of subscription-driven, X-rated illustration sites and downloadable PDF comics, Nuria leveraged *Fansadox* into a small electronic empire under her umbrella imprint, DoFantasy. Assembling artists from her native Spain, the United States, France, England, Turkey, the Philippines and Latin America, she charmed the very worst out of them. Never wavering from an instinctive understanding that her buyers wanted to see hot babes used and abused, Nuria currently operates ten sites and sells her e-comics worldwide.

Nuria hoped to see some of her comics printed and distributed in this country, but the content was much too strong for conventional U.S. comic art publishers. However, the readers of HUSTLER'S TABOO were waiting hungrily to consume the strips and panels of Ferres, Roberts, Doval, Templeton, Fernando, Hines, Tim and Badia in magazine form. And Nuria's experiments with video-game-like 3-D works from Agnes and Tryten would give the package a sleek, modern look and feel.

Thus was HUSTLER'S TABOO ILLUSTRATED

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATION BY FERRES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM

ILLUSTRATION BY DOVAL

born, though the delivery wasn't exactly trouble-free. In Nuria's Iberian Eden—free of official censorship and constricting notions of political correctness—everything from racial caricatures to lurid acts of sexual violence are rightly recognized as "just pictures" rather than hotly contested ideological symbols. To this day, she can't figure out why a futuristic comic strip in which illegal aliens take over America, killing all the male citizens and sexually enslaving their wives and daughters, might prove problematic to domestic magazine distributors.

When confronted by her artists' tendency to depict female victims as fair-skinned Nordic goddesses and their tormentors as dark and swarthy trolls, she laughingly points out that many of the artists themselves are dark and swarthy. "One of my contributors is from Argentina," Nuria points out. "Do you want me to tell him to take an eraser and make his guys look whiter?"

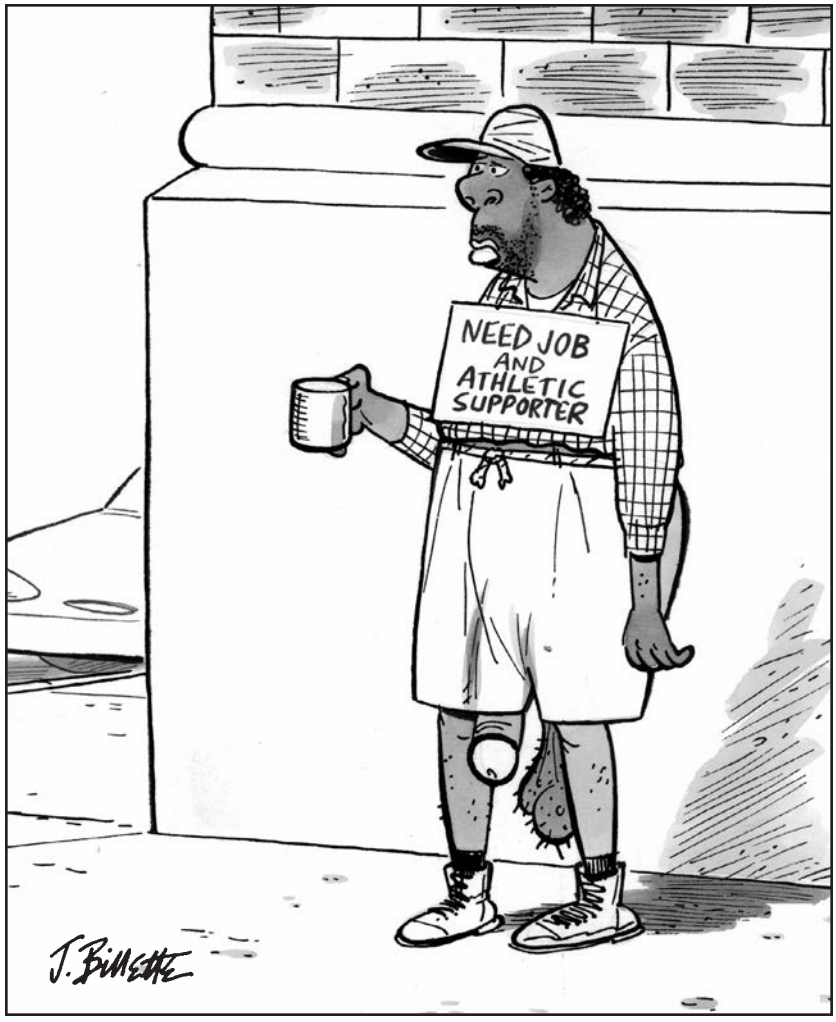
There is no politically correct answer to such a question.

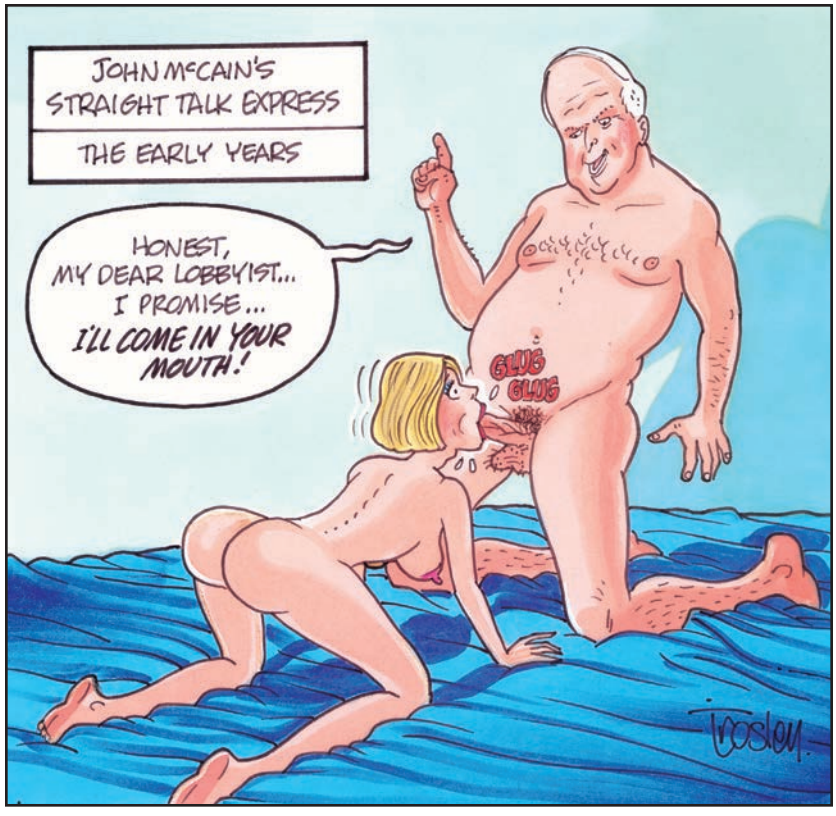
Happily, in the world of the imagination, we enjoy a relative freedom that reality denies us. We can depict deviant sexuality in all its cruel beauty with comparatively few constraints. There is an atavistic element within us that clamors for this cruelty, whether we dare admit it or not. And really, in today's society as a whole, for all the loose pontification about violence in media and the supposed links between pornography and brutality, the ordinary citizen of an advanced culture like ours sees less actual violence and mayhem in a lifetime than his or her ancestors saw on a walk from the farm to the local village.

The fantasies of violence and pain—as opposed to the grim reality—run through TABOO ILLUSTRATED like a dominant gene, a hereditary trait appearing in one form or another in every generation and incarnation. Long before the sort of 21st-century graphic renderings we offer in TABOO ILLUSTRATED became available, the ancient myths and classic dramas of the Greeks featured murder, rape, incest and mutilation. Shakespeare played to the groundlings with proto-slasher shows like *Titus Andronicus*. There, too, both the purveyors and the consumers knew it was not real, but a dark fairy tale.

Of course, we do feature a prominent announcement in every issue of TABOO ILLUSTRATED: "No actual 'toons were harmed in the making of these images." As you can see from the accompanying art, that disclaimer leaves us an enviable latitude to enjoy the pleasures of men and women behaving badly and loving every minute of it. And why not? After all, they're just pictures.

Ernest Greene is the executive editor of our sister magazines HUSTLER'S TABOO and HUSTLER'S TABOO ILLUSTRATED.




JOHN McCAIN'S STRAIGHT TALK EXPRESS
THE EARLY YEARS
HONEST, MY DEAR LOBBYIST... I PROMISE... I'LL COME IN YOUR MOUTH!
GLUG GLUG
Crosley

CALI-LUV

Luv to Love You

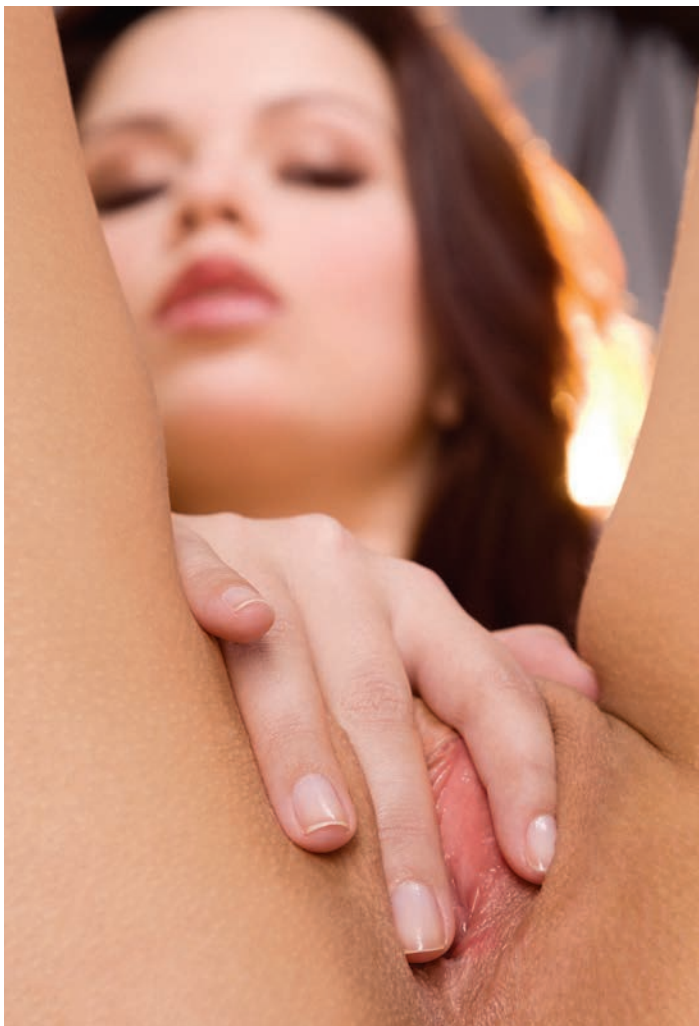
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR HICKSPHOTO

This is my first major nude magazine spread!" **Cali-Luv** exclaims. "I'm very excited and can't keep my mouth shut about being in HUSTLER. Everyone in my family is psyched for me. My mom, aunt and friends are very supportive and can't wait to see my layout."

Naturally, the newcomer is psyched about sex! "I love foreplay," **Cali** reveals. "Most guys don't realize how important that is. The thing that gets me off the most is when a guy kisses me up and down on my neck while grabbing my hips from behind. That gets me good and primed. And, yes, my favorite position is doggy-style."

An adventurous lovebird, **Cali** chirps, "I don't limit sex to the bedroom. I've done it in all kinds of different places. The craziest would have to be a Taco Bell bathroom. I was really horny, and a friend and I had nowhere else to go. Plus, it was only 50 cents to use. While we were going at it, a lady started pounding on the door. When she heard me moaning, she left us alone."

It seems **Cali** is destined to get laid at a mall. "I love shopping!" she howls. "Besides sex, looking for and buying cute outfits is my biggest passion. I love clothes, and I hope that many years from now—when my nude-modeling career is over—I can work for a clothing designer."



CALI-LUV'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Costa Mesa, California
AGE: 22
BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius
HEIGHT: 5-5
WEIGHT: 130

After a long day at work, a man came home and was greeted by his wife, who was dolled up in a sexy, black-fishnet body stocking. "Tie me up and you can do anything you want," the missus cooed breathlessly. So hubby tied her up and went golfing.

Lloyd showed up at Earl's trailer with a pillowcase slung over a shoulder. "What's in the sack?" Earl asked.

"Just some old chickens I'm fixin' to slaughter," Lloyd replied.

"If I can guess how many there are, can I have me one?" Earl inquired.

"Shit, if you can guess how many there are, I'll give you both of them!" Lloyd exclaimed.

"Boy, howdy!" Earl howled. "Uh, five?!"

A man walked into a bar, ordered a highball, drank half, then poured the rest over his right hand. After ordering another, he again drank half, then poured the rest over his hand.

Perplexed, the bartender finally asked, "Excuse me, sir, but why the hell are you pouring half of your drink on your hand?"

Irritated, the patron replied, "Hey, can't you see my date and I are trying to have a fucking drink?"

Looking for some nookie, Tony stripped naked and hopped into bed with Jeanette. "I'm sorry," the unenthusiastic bitch muttered. "I have a tremendous headache, baby."

"That's okay," Tony told her. "I've powdered my dick with aspirin. You can take it orally or as a suppository. It's up to you!"

An old man and his six-year-old grandson were sitting on the front porch. When the senior citizen pulled a beer out of a cooler, the boy asked, "Grandpa, can I have a beer?"

The geezer snorted, "Can your pecker touch your ass?!"

The whippersnapper replied, "No, Grandpa. It's a little pecker."

"Then you're not man enough to have a beer!" the old goat bellowed.

A while later he lit up a stogy, and his grandson asked, "Can I have a cigar?"

"Can your pecker touch your ass?!"

"No," the tyke answered.

"Then you're not man enough to have a cigar!" the grandfather growled.

Eventually the boy came out of the house with some cookies and milk. The old man asked, "Can I have a cookie?"

The kid came back with, "Can your pecker touch your ass, Grandpa?"

"Hell, yeah!" the crusty coot cried out.

"Then go fuck yourself!" the boy squealed. "Grandma made these for me!"

Question: Why do birds fly over West Virginia upside down?

Answer: There's nothing worth crapping on.

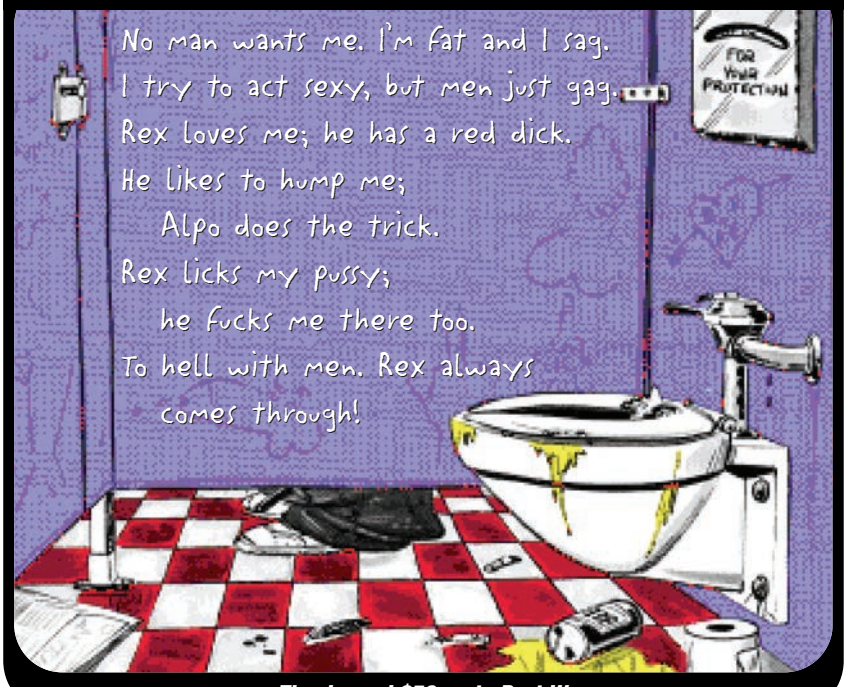
A hot chick was about to pay her bill at a ritzy restaurant. As the obsequious waiter stood nearby, she leaned over to take her wallet from her purse and blasted out an ear-shattering wet fart. Embarrassed, the gorgeous gal abruptly sat up, glared at the waiter and shouted, "Stop that!"

Not missing a beat, the waiter replied, "Yes, ma'am. Which way did it go?"

Guts: Coming home late, drunk, being met by your wife with a broom in her hand and asking, "Are you cleaning, or are you flying somewhere?"

Balls: Coming home late, drunk, smelling of perfume and beer and with lipstick on your collar, slapping your wife on the ass and blabbering, "You're next, fatty!"

GRAFFILTHY


No man wants me. I'm fat and I sag.
I try to act sexy, but men just gag.
Rex loves me; he has a red dick.
He likes to hump me;
Alpo does the trick.
Rex licks my pussy;
he fucks me there too.
To hell with men. Rex always
comes through!
FOR YOUR PROTECTION

Thanks and $50 go to Burt W.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

JED'S FEED
SO WHAT'S IT GONNA BE, THELMA? SOME PUSSY OR THE FRYING PAN? IT'S YOUR CALL!
WINNERS

ALFALFAFIELD

07·18·08

THE FOLLOWING TAPE WAS RECOVERED AT THE SITE OF THE INCIDENT THAT IS HEREBY DESIGNATED **ALFALFAFIELD** AND THAT HAS BEEN DECLARED **TOP SECRET** BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. IT DEPICTS SOME OF THE MOST VAPID, SELF-INVOLVED PEOPLE IMAGINABLE. VOMIT BAGS ARE **HIGHLY ADVISED**.

"HEH, HEH, HOW COOL IS THIS, DUDES? **PARIS HILTON** AND **KIM KARDASHIAN** BOTH GNAWIN' MY KNOB! THIS WILL BE THE BEST SEX TAPE EVER! HEY, MORE TONGUE!"

"WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!"
"*EEEEEEEEEW,* I GOT SPUNK IN MY EYE!"

"QUICK, OUTSIDE, YOU BITCHES. **IT'S AN EARTHQUAKE!**"

"SHIT, IT'S JUST **LINDSAY** AND **BRITNEY** RUNNIN' INTA WALLS!"
"DID YOU GUYS SEE THAT BUILDING? IT RAN RIGHT OUT IN FRONNA ME, *HIC!*"

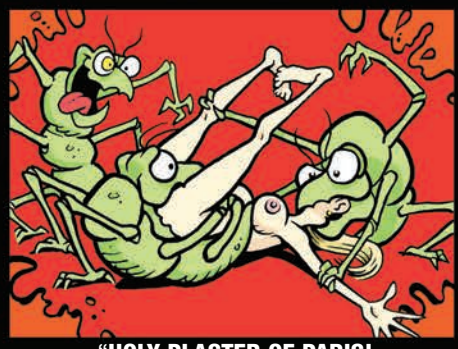
"HEY, GET THAT RAT AWAY FROM ME!"

"**COME, TINKERBELL. HEEL! HEEL!**"

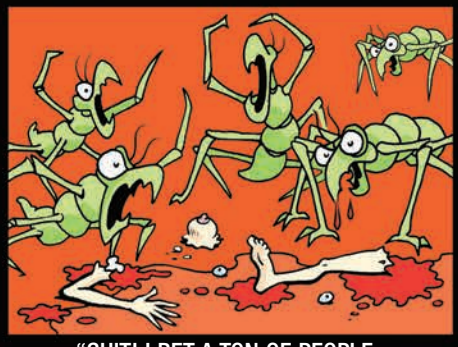
"**WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!**"

"**TINKERBELL! I SHALL REVENGE YOU!**"

"THAT'S **AVENGE**, YA STUPID—"



"**HOLY PLASTER OF PARIS! PARIS HAS BEEN PLASTERED!**"



"SHIT! I BET A TON OF PEOPLE WOULD PAY TO SEE *THIS!* **WHOA, WE'D BETTER SCRAM!**"

"HOLD IT! I SUDDENLY GOT AN IDEA. LET'S HEAD FOR THE **MOUNTAINS**. WE SHOULD BE SAFE THERE!"

"QUICK! DOWN THAT DARK ALLEY! NOTHING COULD POSSIBLY FIND US IN THAT COLD, CREEPY, PITCH-BLACK PASSAGE FROM HELL!"

"I'M SCARED, AND I CAN'T SEE A THING. WAIT, SOMETHING TOUCHED MY LEG!"

"CHILL OUT. IT'S JUST YOUR IMAGINATION!"

"**NO, SOMETHING'S GOT ME…HELP!**"

"OKAY, THIS CAMERA'S GOT A LIGHT ON IT SOMEWHERE. JUST LET ME TURN IT—"

"**THERE**…HEY, YOU CAN RELAX, BABE. IT'S ONLY A COUPLE OF HOMELESS WINOS WHO SEEM TO WANNA MAKE FRIENDS!"

"SHIT, THAT WAS PRETTY DRAMATIC. WE COULD USE THAT SCENE IN OUR HOME PORNO MOVIE. WHADDAYA THINK, BABE?

"**HEY, THERE'S OUR WAY OUT, BABE!** WE CAN FOLLOW THOSE PEOPLE HEADING OUTTA TOWN!"

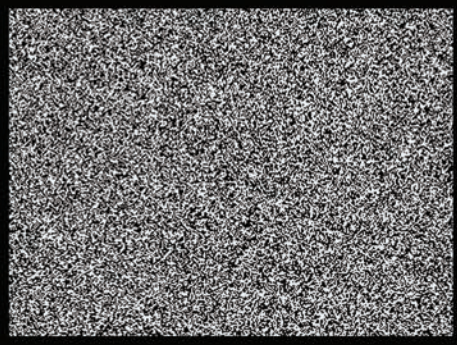
"HEY, THERE'S O.J.! HE'S GOOD AT KILLING STUFF. MAYBE HE CAN SNUFF THE LIZARD?"

"**I'LL BET THAT MUFFUCKIN' LIZARD WANTS TO STEAL MY SHIT, MAN! GONNA GET MY .44 AND START SOME—**"

"DAMN, GIRL, YOU GOT **TITS** TO DIE FOR—AND PROBABLY WILL. WHAT SAY WE GO TAP IT?"

"**FUCK! THE JUICE IS JUICE,** AND I NEVER EVEN GOT HIS FUCKIN' AUTOGRAPH. **SHIT!**"

"**OMIGOD! OMIGOD! WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE**…DOES MY HAIR STILL LOOK OKAY? LET ME GO FIND MY PURSE."



POP ZWEEERRR SNAP!

"AND FOR RIDDING OUR FAIR TOWN OF ITS BIGGEST MENACES, I HEREBY PRESENT YOU WITH THE **KEY TO THE CITY!**"

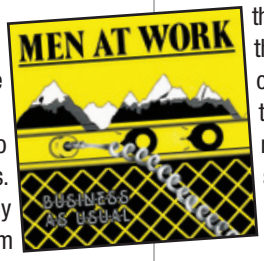
Colin Hay: THE MAN IS STILL AT WORK

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

As the leader of Men at Work, Colin Hay created a string of hit songs and quirky videos, notably "Down Under," "Who Can It Be Now?," "Overkill" and "Be Good Johnny." Along the way the Australian band captured a best new artist Grammy and sold millions of records. Going solo, the master songwriter has released several underappreciated CDs in recent years. Hay recently stopped by to talk about his latest, *Are You Lookin' at Me?*

HUSTLER: How many times in your life has someone offered you a Vegemite sandwich?

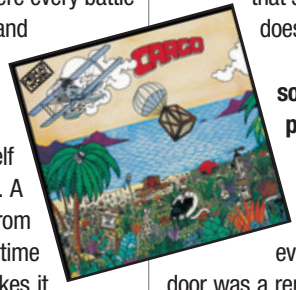
COLIN HAY: People used to bring them to Men at Work gigs. They thought that was highly amusing. We would throw them back into the audience. One time somebody brought a whole big loaf of bread made into a Vegemite sandwich and threw it at me. One of the guitar techs picked it up and whacked the guy on the head with it.



What do you think was the best thing about the 1980s?

I can barely remember the '80s to be honest with you. For me the start of the decade was conquering the world with a band. It's exciting enough flying into New York, but flying into New York when everybody knows who you are is extraordinary. After that kind of went away and the band broke up, I went from playing to 150,000 people to two years later playing to four people back home in Melbourne, Australia, because nobody really gave a fuck. So it was back to square one and starting again once the dust had settled.

I wouldn't say it was a low point, but it was interesting because I had to ask myself the question "Do I really still want to do this?" The whole fame thing was kind of like an explosion. It exploded and then went away. Then life became real. In a sense that was really the start of my career where every battle won was hand-to-hand combat.



Where do you keep your Grammy?

I keep my Grammy on a shelf in the main room of my house. A friend of my wife's who is from Argentina tries to steal it every time she comes around. But she makes it very obvious, putting it under her arm.

You could lend it to her for a while.

Nah, fuck that! (*Laughs.*)

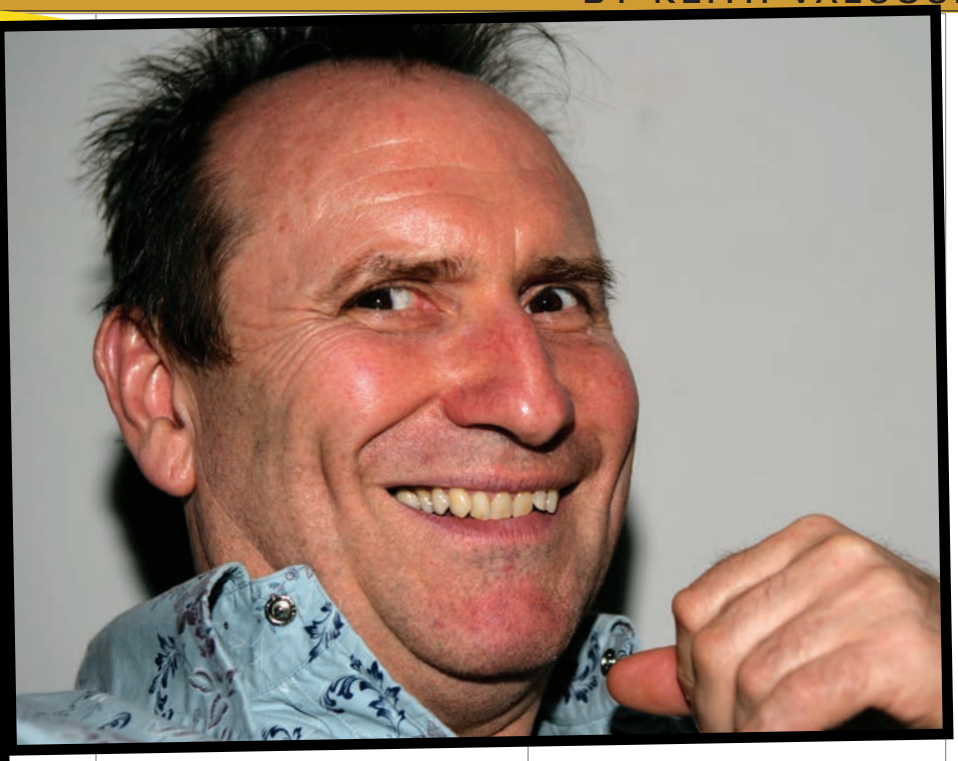
When was the last time you went down under?

I go a couple of times a year. My mother and father are still there. My father is 85, and my mother is 84. I called my dad on his 85th birthday and said, "Happy birthday, Dad." He said, "Oh, thanks very much. I wish I was 80 again. Those were good times." (*Laughs.*) I go to Melbourne. I have a place there. It's fantastic and a great thing to do.

I've been living in L.A. for 17 years. You can live here for a long, long time, and you still feel like you just arrived in a sense. You always feel like you are here just for a little while. Then you might end up staying here your whole life. Everyone is here to realize something, which is exciting because there is this spirit in the air that something might happen. Often it doesn't, but it might.

Is "Who Can It Be Now?" a song about isolation, fear and paranoia?

I never thought of it like that. Back then I was just younger, and I was on the dole. So whoever came round to knock on the door was a rent man or a policeman or a drug dealer. Somebody who is knocking on the door



because they think you've got the drugs because the neighbor had them. They got the numbers of the flats mixed up. "Humpy sent me." Humpy?! Fuck off!

Have TV shows like *Scrubs* been beneficial?

I picked up a huge audience from *Scrubs* specifically because they licensed five or six of my more recent songs, and that gained exposure. Then "Overkill" especially, because I was [heard] on the show singing that. I tour all over the world, and probably a third of my audience would come to see me from the strength of the television. All my old stuff gets played on the radio, but it is very difficult to get new material played on the radio. So TV exposure is huge.

The new CD was recorded at your home studio. Is that why the songs sound so personal?

It was because I recorded them all with my dressing gown on.

One of the tracks on *Are You Lookin' at Me?* is called "I Wish I Was Still Drinking." Has being sober helped you as a songwriter?

When you stop drinking, you have a lot of time on your hands. I used to spend a lot of time either drinking or recovering from drinking. That takes up a lot of time. When you are young, you seem to fit it all in. It was killing me, so I stopped. That was one of the reasons I came to Los Angeles. I had to get away from my friends who didn't want me to stop. It's a joke really because I wrote that song as a reaction. Sometimes when you talk to people, you think, *Jesus Christ, I wish I was fucking drinking now because I wouldn't have to listen to this fucking idiot.* (*Laughs.*)

What do you think is your greatest song?

My favorite would probably be "Overkill" because I wrote it when the band was just about to take off. It was the moment of realizing that nothing is going to be the same. Even if you wanted to, you're not going to be able to walk the same neighborhoods. Everything is going to be different. I remember writing that song and taking it to the band, and they were sort of less than impressed.

I thought this was a special song, and I got no reaction. So I did a demo when they went to have lunch. I remember being excited playing the drums, bass and guitar, not well, but I just cut the demo.

I thought, *Well, if the band fucks up, and it's over, maybe I can make it as a songwriter.* It was a good confidence-builder as a song. I thought maybe this will stand the test of time, and it seems to have. Some songs just fade away, while some develop a life of their own. "Overkill" is one of those tunes.

The Dirty Dozen

NEW CDS YOU NEED TO HEAR.

THE BREEDERS
Mountain Battles

Kim Deal takes a break from her day job as bassist for the reunited Pixies to rekindle this side project. Produced by Steve Albini, the new CD has a more stripped-down, raw and unfinished feel than past Breeders efforts.

KOTTONMOUTH KINGS
Greatest Highs

Spark it up, because the best from the bong is gathered here. The stoner hip-hop kings cull a bumper crop of top-shelf audio chronic on this two-CD joint. Highlights include "Where's the Weed At?," "Bong Tokin Alcoholics" and "Put It Down" (with Cypress Hill).

THESE NEW PURITANS
Beat Pyramid

Four 19-year-old lads from England crank out a furious mix of energy and passion on their impressive debut. Channeling elements from varied sources—including Gang of Four, Hot Hot Heat, the Killers and Sonic Youth—while creating a new and exciting sound is TNP's true gift.

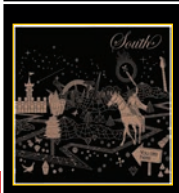
BLACK MOUNTAIN
In the Future

Spacey like Floyd, heavy like Sabbath, Black Mountain's sophomore *In the Future* rolls in like a storm—ominous, then thundering, then calm. Their future is classic rock.

—Josh Steichmann

MICHAEL JACKSON
Thriller: 25th Anniversary Edition

Back before we realized he really "wasn't like other boys," we thought the King of Pop was cool. *Thriller* (the best-selling album of all time and produced by Quincy Jones) remains Jackson's magnum opus. A quarter century after its original release comes a new deluxe edition featuring a DVD with all of *Thriller*'s groundbreaking videos, including "Billie Jean."



SOUTH
You Are Here

Is South the next big thing from England? The band your snooty girlfriend who reads *New Music Express* thinks is so cool? Will they be replacing Bloc Party as your new favorite? Probably.

(continued on page 102)

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

BECK
Odelay: Deluxe Edition

Grab your two turntables and a microphone! Beck's multiplatinum, breakthrough, Grammy-winning CD gets the deluxe treatment here. It features a remastered disc, plus over a dozen new tracks never before available in the USA.

THE HEAVENLY STATES
Delayer

Acoustic-leaning indie rock at its best. This band finds a way to ride the line between alt rock and mainstream pop success. Finally there is a CD that fans of both Archers of Loaf and Jack Johnson will enjoy.

SUPERGRASS
Diamond Hoo Ha

Supergrass has been around for a dozen years, and by now everyone should know their perfect blend of dark, melodic and witty pop rock. They should be as big as the Beatles or at the very least Coldplay. Let's hope that this, their sixth studio CD—another gem—finally earns them the fans they deserve.

THE BLACK KEYS
Attack & Release

Cut from the same minimalist rock cloth as the White Stripes, the Black Keys' latest is a nice slice of gritty genius. This time, though, the outfit adds an unexpected twist by having hip-hop head Danger Mouse (Gnarls Barkley) produce. *Attack & Release* is the perfect soundtrack for hanging out in your unfinished basement.

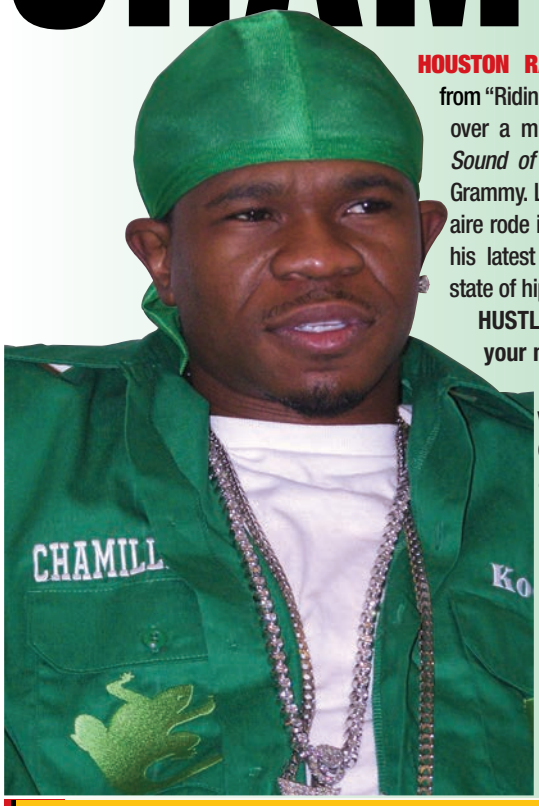
MUSIC FROM THE MOTION PICTURE *JUNO*

The soundtrack to the most talked about film of 2007 features everyone from Buddy Holly to the Kinks and Sonic Youth. This disc is as delightful as the Oscar-winning film that actually made teenage pregnancy funny. Not that we encourage that sort of thing. *—Eric Althoff*

THE EELS
Meet the Eels—Essential Eels, Vol. 1 1996-2006

Fans of beautifully crafted oddball pop, meet Mark Everett a/k/a E, the mastermind behind the Eels. This is his 24-track best-of culled from the past decade. It includes a bonus DVD of tunes like "Hey Man (Now You're Really Living)" and "Novocaine for the Soul." Oh, you already know each other? Then you must know there is also a useful B-side compilation called *Useless Trinkets*.

CHAMILLIO



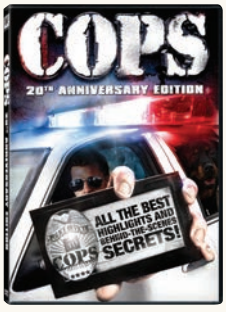
HOUSTON RAPPER CHAMILLIONAIRE WENT from "Ridin'" dirty to "Ridin'" high when he sold over a million copies of his debut CD, *The Sound of Revenge*, and took home a 2007 Grammy. Letting us in on the 411, Chamillionaire rode into the HUSTLER offices to discuss his latest album (*Ultimate Victory*) and the state of hip-hop music.

HUSTLER: How did you come up with your name?

CHAMILLIONAIRE: Originally I went by the name Chameleon, but I didn't have a purpose for the name, and I wanted to add some sort of purpose to it. So I added the "Millionaire" part because I always used to rap about rims and all this materialistic stuff. That was my only topic. I can tell you a million verses about materialistic things. The subliminal meaning to it means an artist that is rich in style—not just about the money.

Because You Can't Watch Just Porn.

DVDs Divided



COPS:
20th Anniversary Edition

You know the theme: "Bad boys, bad boys, what you gonna do? What you gonna do when they come for you?" And although you may not admit it, you love *Cops*. We all do! How else could it have become TV's longest-running reality show? The best busts of the past 20 seasons are rounded up on this two-DVD set, along with several featurettes, the original pilot and commentary from celebrity fans.

ROGER HODGSON:
Take the Long Way Home—Live in Montreal

The distinctive vocalist and primary songwriter of Supertramp returns with this long-overdue live concert disc. With the Brit's high-pitched voice still very much intact, Hodgson rips through his wealthy catalog of hits, including "Give a Little Bit," "Dreamer," "The Logical Song" and "Take the Long Way Home."

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.:
The Complete Collection

Housed in a supercool

NAIRE RIDIN' HIGH

How has your life changed since "Ridin'"?

"Ridin'" definitely made me more of a global superstar, you know what I mean? I got a lot of stamps on my passport just traveling around to different countries and, you know, seeing the impact that the record had. Seeing a lot of your fans will start to cross over. I have a lot more white people showing up at my shows. Bigger crowds. Performing in front of 20- and 30,000 at some times. "Ridin'" took me to Paris, all through the United Kingdom, all through Europe and the Canadian markets. Now that you such a big artist, the pressure and level of expectation is way up.

How did you get Slick Rick on your single "Hip Hop Police"?

It's a conceptual record where I felt like telling a story. It's about the people who police hip-hop. Nowadays loving hip-hop is the equivalent of committing a murder with all the controversy around the "N" word. So I was telling a story and wondered who I could get to finish the story. Then I thought about Slick Rick. He was definitely one of the people I learned from. Legendary status.

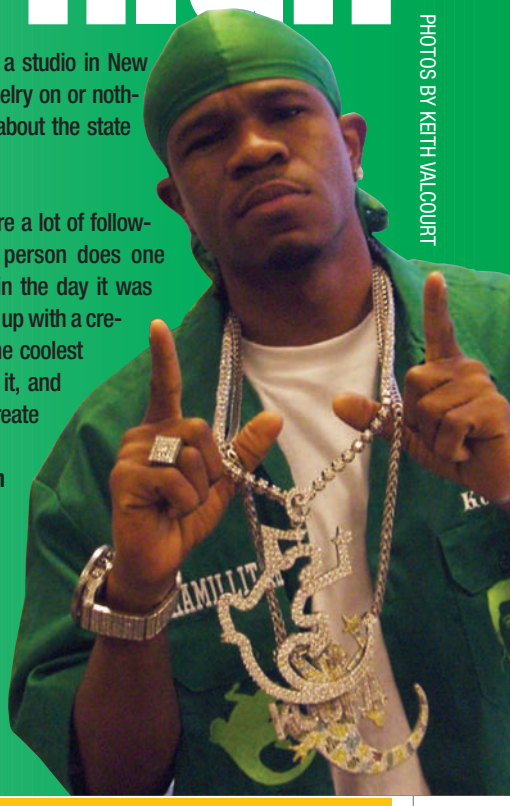
I used to see him on TV with his storytelling songs, and he seemed true to who he was. Never trying to be too gangster. My homegirl had Slick Rick's info, and I hit him up, not thinking he would reply—but he did. We met up in a studio in New York. He showed up by himself—no jewelry on or nothing—and recorded with me. We talked about the state of hip-hop and how it has changed.

What is the state of hip-hop?

Hip-hop needs more leaders. There are a lot of followers now. It's breeding followers. One person does one thing, and everyone follows now. Back in the day it was more priding yourself on who could come up with a creative idea or who could come up with the coolest concept. Now it's like one person does it, and everyone follows. More leaders will create more creativity.

What would be your dream collaboration?

Tupac. I feel like Tupac had a purpose in his music. It was more than just making a word rhyme just to rhyme. A lot of people didn't understand him, and he had a lot of bad sides. But I think there was a motive behind the madness, and it was like medicine inside of candy. He was just great.



PHOTOS BY KEITH VALCOURT

attaché case, the Cold War spy series starring Robert Vaughn and David McCallum is back! It includes all four complete seasons (105 episodes)—many of which haven't been available in years—plus ten hours of bonus material. Offered exclusively at **TimeLife.com**.

OASIS:
Lord Don't Slow Me Down

This awesome documentary follows the rocky road of rock stardom with music's greatest battling brothers since the Kinks. The bonus disc offers up a hit-filled live show from England's Manchester Stadium that reminds us why Oasis still matters.

BEE MOVIE

Face it, most comedies today are just not funny. Animation sets the standard for humor in the movies. This Jerry Seinfeld vehicle features some genuinely hilarious moments (Chris Rock as a mosquito is perfect) and is less of a kids flick than you'd think.

LITTLE BRITAIN:
The Complete Collection

If Kids in the Hall and Monty Python got together to do acid, then it would be Little Britain. This bizarre sketch comedy show may be the best thing to come from across the pond since Guinness stout.

BACHELOR PARTY 2:
THE LAST TEMPTATION

Wait, so it's a sequel to the Tom Hanks screwball sex comedy? Nope. It's a whole new movie, with a whole new cast and pretty much the same old jokes. So why call it *Bachelor Party 2*? Maybe to trick a few Adrian Zmed fans into buying it? Wait! There's no such thing as an Adrian Zmed fan.

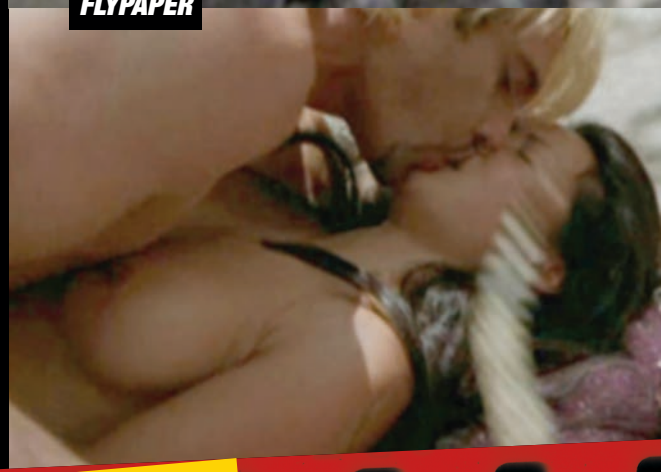
THE RICHES

The premier season of cable TV's most underrated series is now on DVD. The show stars the brilliant Eddie Izzard and still-hot Minnie Driver as a pair of grifters assuming the identity of a dead couple. Well written and superbly acted, *The Riches* may well be the best drama you've never seen.

MOVIE Mammaries

LUCY LIU: LOVE HER LONG TIME

FLYPAPER

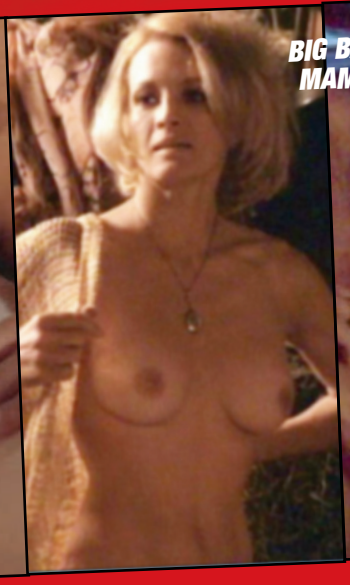


Normally we wouldn't go for a chick with a lazy eye and freckles, but **Lucy Liu** is hot. The petite Chinese-American, who first came to attention as the costar of *Ally McBeal*, followed up several seasons in that dreadful prime-time lawyer show with a ton of film and TV work. Although *E.R.*, *Kill Bill Volume 1* and the allegedly sexy *Charlie's Angels* movies endeared her to the masses, these mainstream outings are by no means her best work. We insist that Liu's lesser-known movies are far superior. In 1997's *Flypaper*, before the babe become a certified star, Lucy shows off her true talents (a/k/a perky little tits and tight ass) during an outdoor sex romp that also involves a poisonous snake. Don't ask—just rent it!

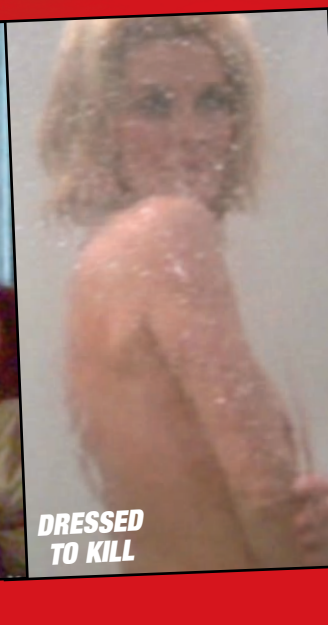
Liu returned in 1997 to offer what we consider her finest effort by again going topless, this time as a stripper in *City of Industry*. Watching the limber cutie work the pole makes us wonder if she'd done this sort of thing before. Unfortunately, it would be a long nine years of stardom and success before we got to see Lucy's lius yet

Rent These NOW!

BIG BAD MAMA II



BIG BAD MAMA



DRESSED TO KILL

CITY OF INDUSTRY

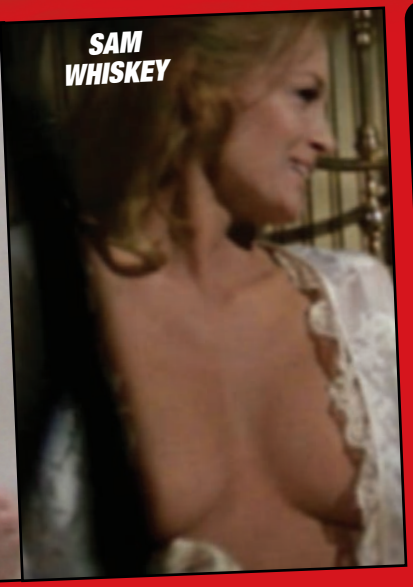
RISE: BLOOD HUNTER

LUCKY NUMBER SLEVIN

again. In 2006 an all-too-brief nip-slip—during a love scene with lucky **Josh Hartnett**—was the major highlight of *Lucky Number Slevin*.

Liu's final and most daring skintastic role came in the 2007 horror flick *Rise: Blood Hunter*. Turning in the kind of performance you would expect from a hungry starlet or an actress whose time in the spotlight is fading, the stunning 39-year-old is cast as a sex slave imprisoned by an obsessive lover who may or may not be a vampire. In this high-end psychological thriller we not only get to see Lucy topless in a simulated sex scene, but also chained and naked while hanging upside down! It's nice to see that luscious Lucy Liu is still willing to give her all for the sake of cinematic art.

ANGIE DICKINSON: Police Woman Busted



SAM WHISKEY

One of Hollywood's longtime leading ladies may be way past her prime, but **Angie Dickinson** in her prime was as supersexy as anyone in Tinseltown. As an unbashful hottie, she turned in a bountiful batch of breast-filled movies, an impressive body of work well worth revisiting. Back in 1967 (before onscreen nudity became a norm), Dickinson provided a tantalizing look at her fantastic fun bags in *Point Blank*. The busty blonde followed that with a double shot of awesome whoppers in *Sam Whiskey* (1969), letting 'em hang out opposite that wig-wearing hump **Burt Reynolds**. *Pretty Maids All in a Row* (1971) is worth renting just for one "pivotal" scene, when Angie lounges around on a bed sans clothes.

However, Dickinson's best breast performance came in *Big Bad Mama* (1974). Not only do you get extended views of her sizable boobs, but her bush and ass are also clearly visible again and again. Meanwhile, in Brian De Palma's psychothriller *Dressed to Kill* (1980) you get a killer shot of the Dickinson derriere and a side of boob during a sizzling shower scene.

If ever a movie begged for a sequel it was *Big Bad Mama*. More than a decade later, Angie finally reprised her role and again showed off the goods in *Big Bad Mama II* (1987). Best watched with the sound off, this flick offers glimpses of Ms. Dickinson during several simulated screws and a boob-filled bubble bath. Thankfully, that was the last blast of famous flesh for the onetime Police Woman. We love a star who knows when to say when. You listening, **Sharon Stone**?

Remember, HUSTLER faithfully delivers the best in cinematic and big-name skin, but we also appreciate our readers' wishes. If there's a movie star or famous figure you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

"I agree. Divorce will be very expensive for you! What do you suggest…counseling?"

Angie Savage has found her true calling. "I really believe that I was meant to do this job ever since the very first time I had sex," the oversexed Californian confides. "I remember thinking that fucking felt so good and wondered, *How can I do this all the time? How can I turn my passion for passion into an employment opportunity?* Then someone told me about being an adult actress. I did a scene, and I was hooked."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

Porn to Be Wild
ANGIE SAVAGE

But being a porn star isn't always a bowl of cherries. "Once in a while the cameras get in the way," the saucy siren laments, "and having crew guys around can sometimes kill the mood. I really have to concentrate to get off. I like girls a lot more than I did a few years back. They tend to be my favorite costars now, although that doesn't mean I don't enjoy a good cock-lashing."

So what does **Angie** do in her free time when she isn't getting off? "Free time?" she ponders. "I really don't have much of that these days. On a rare day off I like to hang out at home and watch CNN. You can't help but get caught up on things, this being an election year. For the first time in ages, I really care about politics." Smart *and* hot?

ANGIE SAVAGE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Los Angeles, California
AGE: 28
BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio
HEIGHT: 5-5
WEIGHT: 112

See **Angie Savage** do her thing in *Young Girls' Fantasies #9* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

"Son, there's been a big shake-up at Daddy's work, and I'm afraid we're going to have to let you go!"

Publishing Titan Has Editors Seeing Red

An international media conglomerate hungrily eyes **Colorado State University**'s student newspaper, and staffer **Erik Myers** reveals that not everyone is sold on the idea. The major concern is a potential threat to freedom of speech.

As 2008 arrived, the staff of the *Rocky Mountain Collegian* wasn't looking forward to another semester of long work nights and daily drama. They were students balancing news-gathering with demanding academic work, plus any sort of social life that could be mustered in between. But this post-holiday angst took on a raw, angry energy when it was revealed that their newspaper—Colorado State University's forum since 1891—might become yet another acquisition of the leviathan Gannett Company, Inc.

One January morning, editor in chief Dave McSwane received an anonymous tip just an hour prior to CSU President Larry Penley's secret meeting with Gannet representatives. The meeting, said university spokesman Brad Bohlander, was arranged after executives with the local Gannett-owned newspaper, the *Fort Collins Coloradoan*, proposed a "strategic partnership" between their publication and the *Rocky Mountain Collegian.*

McSwane and the editorial board were quick to rally their troops outside Penley's office, where they stood brandishing signs emblazoned with "SAVE STUDENT MEDIA." But McSwane wasn't surprised when he and *Collegian* reporters were denied access to the powwow. "They knew what I was going to say: that the *Collegian* has been here for 117 years, and it'd be a disgrace to be sold to a media giant," McSwane declared. "[Penley] has screwed up by not letting students and staff take part in this discussion."

Since becoming editor in chief, McSwane has had something of a rocky relationship with the CSU administration. Last fall, causing an uproar on campus and eventually nationwide, McSwane and ranking staffers published a four-word editorial shortly after a well-publicized Tasering incident at the University of Florida. "Taser this…FUCK BUSH" it proclaimed in extra-large type.

Those involved with the Gannett meeting maintain that the discussion was of a preliminary nature, said university spokesman Bohlander, and therefore none of the participants felt it was necessary to inform the *Collegian*.

Bob Moore, editor in chief of the *Coloradoan*, has stood by his phrasing of a "strategic partnership." He is confident that his newspaper would be able to access a large chunk of the Fort Collins community through the *Collegian*, while encouraging a journalistic philosophy of "civic engagement" in its coverage. According to Moore, this wouldn't mean content would be controlled.

"College newspapers need to be student-run and student-directed," Moore says. "I think those two go hand-in-hand. I don't think any 40-year-old editor like me is going to be plugged in well enough to dictate points of interest to a student audience."

Outside evidence, however, suggests that Moore's interest in acquiring the *Rocky Mountain Collegian* is largely monetary. Greg Luft, chair of CSU's Journalism Department, said in an e-mail that Moore had called him following the meeting to fill him in on the proposal. Luft wrote that Moore had expressed interest in "taking [the *Collegian*] private as a for-profit entity."

Notes of the meeting—obtained by the *Collegian* through a Freedom of Information Act request—suggest that profitability serves a primary reason in Gannett's interest. Under the section titled "*Coloradoan*'s Reasons for a Proposal," Moore "suggested that efficiencies of the paper could be improved" and that "two-thirds of *Collegian* advertisers are not *Coloradoan* advertisers."

Acting as a nonprofit entity of the university, the *Collegian* maintains a quivering cash reservoir at all times. The paper pulled in over $950,000 in advertising last year, revenue that towers over the incomes of most college newspapers. Moore acknowledges that there is a significant market in the readership of college newspapers that is generally inaccessible for regular daily publications like his.

"It's an important audience for us," Moore points out. "It's a part of our community that we've wanted to serve for a long time."

Gannett's interest in the *Collegian* isn't groundbreaking. The media conglomerate owns two student-run newspapers: *FSView* at Florida State University and the *Central Florida Future* at the University of Central Florida. Before Gannett's acquisition, both publications were private, for-profit operations independent of their respective universities.

Majoring in technical journalism, Colorado State University sophomore Erik Myers is News Editor of the *Rocky Mountain Collegian* and a DJ at KCSU-FM, the school's radio station. Besides quality music, Erik's passions are writing, mountain biking, skiing and snowboarding.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com.*

BY JOSH STEICHMANN

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner $350 in financial assistance! To apply, follow instructions in entry form on page 147 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

Real College Girls

UC-Irvine

Let our latest Real College Girl be a lesson to you guys out there: Don't overlook the bookworms.

Mai Ly—a sophomore at the University of California-Irvine—is as sexy as any cheerleader, but surprisingly, she's an engineering major with her nose to the grindstone. Declaring herself "allergic" to alcohol and "not into partying," the sultry stunner spends most of her time hitting the books. The 19-year-old practically has to if she wants to achieve her challenging academic goal: earning a master's degree and then pursuing a career in the field of nanotechnology.

But as you can see, the 5-foot-4 coed isn't always studious. Mai Ly works out almost every day, and she has a little sideline: making a name for herself in the nude-modeling world. And whether in the classroom or the bedroom, her predilections all point to someone who knows what she wants and goes out to get it.

In a pinch, she'll resort to the reliable Rabbit vibrator, while with a partner she savors doggy-style because it "gets me off the fastest." But Mai Ly's biggest pleasure is binding a lover's hands and feet. "I enjoy being a dominatrix," she admits. "It's, like, female power or something. I get off telling men what to do."

That commanding nature even extends to her pet peeve: bad drivers. "As an Asian, I try really hard not to be a dumbass when I'm behind the wheel," Mai Ly acknowledges. "The worst thing in the world is not going when the light is green."

HUSTLER UNIVERSITY
HUSTLER
H
REAL COLLEGE GIRLS

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Glam girl Gianna Lynn **Thrust**s herself into the spotlight.*

*Nina Mercedez feels the **Thrust** and (below) heats up Shyla Stylez.*

Thrust

HEARTBREAKER FILMS/LFP VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RAYMOND BALBOA. STARRING: NINA MERCEDEZ, SHYLA STYLEZ, GIANNA LYNN, NYOMI BANXXX, BROOKE HAVEN, SOPHIA, RAYMOND BALBOA, BEN ENGLISH & VOODOO.

Porntrepreneur Nina Mercedez—Heartbreaker Films' bombshell-in-chief—kicks off her latest fuckfest tied up and teased before offering up her gorgeous hourglass ass to the title activity. Nina's a mesmerizer, especially if you've ever fantasized about fucking Eva Peron (look it up), and the Latina firecracker is confident enough in the beauty department to stock her flick with equally stunning costars. Statuesque Nyomi Banxxx never looked hotter (even if we've already seen the black knockout banged harder), and Asian lovely Gianna Lynn seems to have reinvented herself as an upscale Latina hoochie mama. The makeup crew pulled out all the stops on this one, and it works. Title nowithstanding, the joy of *Thrust* isn't the pussy-pounding; it's the lush decadence of sheer female beauty. ***—M.J.***

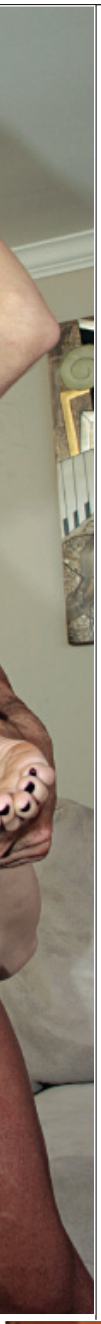
*Summer Verona gets caught in **Barefoot Confidential #50**.*

*Female Performer of the Year Sasha Grey knocks our socks off in **BC50**.*

Barefoot Confidential #50

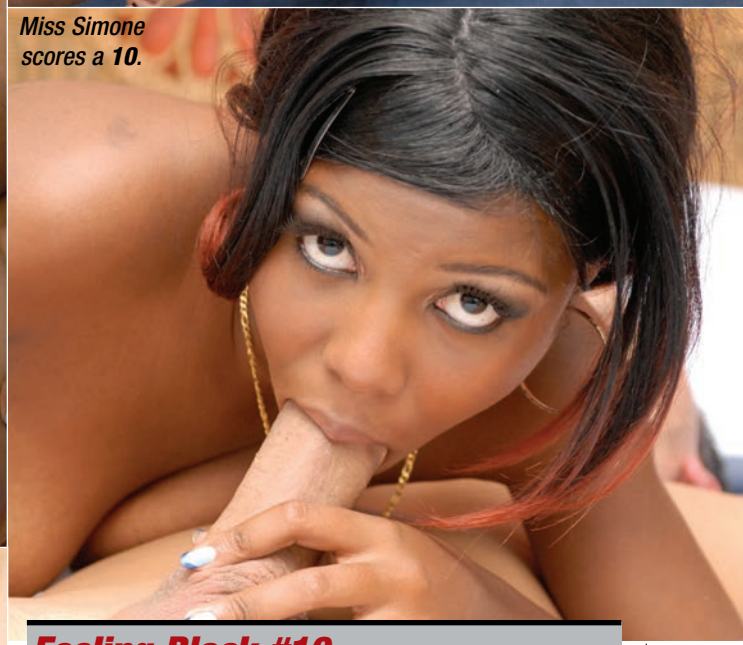
KICK ASS PICTURES. DIRECTOR: GLENN BAREN. STARRING: SASHA GREY, LAKE RUSSELL, MARIA MENENDEZ, PAIGE TAYLOR, SUMMER VERONA, LEE STONE, NICO STALLONE & TONY TEDESCHI.

Kick Ass's foot fetish line hits the golden 50! (That's a lot of feet.) And for anyone who think this freakiness is rare, imagine the hordes of feet lovers it's taken to keep this series on the charts for almost ten years now. Of course, these flicks are aimed at the regular market as well. There's just as much pussy-fucking as toe-sucking to see here. The star sole sister on this disc is none other than Sasha Grey, who was just awarded Female Performer of the Year at *AVN*'s annual porn bash in Las Vegas. Sultry Sasha's slender-toed size 9's are well-displayed, and she turns out to be surprisingly adept at podiatric cockstroking. The rest of the cast is charming enough, but foot lovers may feel the little piggies suffer from neglect once the traditional fucking starts. Our prize for prettiest goes to Summer Verona's lovely little 7½'s. Confidentially, we'd suck those toes even if she ran around barefoot in a barn all day. ***—M.J.***



*Miss Simone is **Feeling Black #10**'s sweet chocolate center.*

*Misti Love makes the most of **Feeling Black**.*



*Miss Simone scores a **10**.*

*Once more with **Feeling**: Kaylani Cream gets a buttload.*

Feeling Black #10

RED LIGHT DISTRICT. DIRECTOR: MICHAEL STEFANO. STARRING: MISTI LOVE, MISS SIMONE, JORDIN SKYE, MISTY STONE, KAYLANI CREAM, MANUEL FERRARA & MICHAEL STEFANO.

This being another one of Red Light's strictly functional lines, it ain't particularly flashy or elegant to look at, but it hits all the right buttons. The main draw for most strokers will be gorgeous Blatina mixed girl Misti Love and her all-natural (so she says) 34DDs. The light-skinned Love doesn't have to do a whole helluva lot more than get pounded and let her wondrous tatas flop around to get a fully erect rating from us. But the surprise standout here is Miss Simone's anal offering. The deep-chocolate cutie is classy and takes a white cock in the ass like she has a degree in it. No wonder director Stefano, known for finding and tapping the finest booty there is, made sure to hit that sweet shit himself. ***—M.J.***

*Harmony pops Claudia's **Colon**.*

*Michelle Aston helps Trinity Post get a good **Colon**-ic.*

*Parking in rear: **Strollin'** vixen Mae Victoria still has a slot free.*

***Colon** queen Cindy Crawford slurps up the leftovers.*

Strollin' in the Colon

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RICHARD DE MONTFORT. STARRING: TYLA WYNN, TRINITY POST, MICHELLE ASTON, HARMONY, CLAUDIA DOWNS, CINDY CRAWFORD, MAE VICTORIA, JENNER, TONY DE SERGIO, ALEX GONZ, LEE STONE, ALEX SANDERS, JAY ASHLEY & CHRISTIAN.

This is a filthy flick, plain and simple. Basically, a bunch of seasoned gonzo gals got together in a basement somewhere to have dicks shoved up their asses for your enjoyment. Nothing classy, just three solid hours of slobbering, groaning and grimacing as dudes hammer away in the poop chutes like malpracticing proctologists. Hey, don't think you're too good for this stuff! You're probably already whacking off just reading about it. ***—M.J.***

***Kung Fu Nurse** Presley disarms her opponent.*

***Girls in Love**: Audrey probes Riley while (below) Nautica and Sativa pluck Daisy.*

***Go-Go** blows, but Kayla Carrera sucks in a good way.*

Kung Fu Nurses A Go-Go

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: MARK STONE. STARRING: LINDSEY MEADOWS, PRESLEY MADDOX, APRIL AUBREY, JAYME LANGFORD, KAYLA CARRERA, KISSY KAPRI, NIKKI KANE, RYAAN REYNOLDS, ALEX SANDERS, EVAN STONE, MARCO BANDERAS, NICK MANNING & RANDY SPEARS.

Don't be fooled by the cool grindhouse-style box cover or the neat menu with the Tarantino-esque surf rock. This is another halfhearted attempt to cash in on hipster chic without actually making a movie that measures up. Sure, the girls—especially Lindsey Meadows and Ryaan Reynolds—pull off some cute campy scenes and throw the occasional stunt punch worth a chuckle or two. On the whole, though, this is a missed opportunity. As for the fucking, it's servicable, but not real imaginative. And these are stone foxes in nurse outfits! The ending, strangely enough, isn't even a hot kung-fu throwdown. How does a lame stripper competition grab you? We hate to hate on porn with hot chicks, so let's just say here's hoping the sequel rocks our cocks off! ***—M.J.***

No Man's Land: Girls in Love

VIDEO TEAM/METRO INTERACTIVE. DIRECTORS: VARIOUS. STARRING: KELLE MARIE, LISA A. DANIELS, AUDREY BITONI, RILEY EVANS, MIKAYLA, GIANNA LYNN, ALYSSA, DAISY MARIE, SATIVA ROSE, NAUTICA THORN, EVE LAWRENCE, VERONICA JETT, VICTORIA, TAWNY ROBERTS, NINA FERRARI, ANITA DARK, SANDRA SHINE, BRITNEY SKYE, KATIE MORGAN, TRINITY, SAMMI RHODES, NIKKI HUNTER, ALICIA, BRIDGETTE KERKOVE & ZANA.

That cast list pretty much says it all: This three-hour compilation of the best of Video Team's premier girl/girl line is a nonstop parade of the most bewitching beauties in the industry today—all making out like they mean it. Sure, these chicks are gay for pay, but if you can find this many gorgeous real dykes who will lap each other's pussies and ride the double dildo in front of a camera, you win. ***—M.J.***

WHAT'S NEW, PUSSYKAT?

THE MANY LIVES OF KATSUNI

Epitomizing feline allure and wanton sexuality, the French-Vietnamese beauty once known as Katsumi hit the scene five years ago. Since then the beguiling vixen—whose original stage name was a pun on "submissive cat"—has dazzled fans and garnered dozens of awards (including several for her impressive anal proclivity). Second only to Tera Patrick on the A-list of Asian stars, Digital Playground's most exotic contract girl is as electrifying as ever. With the recent hits *Cockasian #2* and *Naked Aces #3* under her belt, she's looking forward to being a gorgeous swashbuckler in what might be the summer's biggest event release. Equally adept at self-promotion, Katsuni charmed us with her steamy looks and Parisian accent at the 2008 *AVN* porn expo in Las Vegas.

HUSTLER: Why did you change your nom de porn?

KATSUNI: I had some trouble in France because a woman has Katsumi as her last name. I was doing more media in France and becoming more successful. She claimed that because of me she couldn't find a job. She sued for 82,000 euros. I lost, but it was only 27,000 to make her go away.

What's next for you?

I'll be shooting *Pirates II: Stagnetti's Revenge.* I am very happy because I have a big part in the movie. I play the bad pirate, and I'll be doing my first scene with Jesse Jane. I'm also very excited because I just did my first feature dancing gig. I danced for years in France and throughout Europe, but I'd never headlined in the U.S. before.

Speaking of France, did you visit the phony Eiffel Tower here in Vegas?

No, no, no! (*Laughs.*) I don't have so much time, unfortunately.

So no time to follow politics either?

I just know that my president [Nicholas Sarkozy] is going out with an ex-model—and not even being forced to resign! But about America, I know things are very important right now, and I would like to read about it more. But I am just too busy!

What do you think is the future of porn?

We all know that as DVDs die, the next market will be about Internet community. The problem is you can't control it, and it is very easy to steal. That is a concern for me because I am also starting to direct for my new Web site, **KatsuniHotSpot.com.**

As for the movies, the main part of market is still gonzo, but I think big companies like Digital Playground are looking for something more. That's why they signed me! Porn is going to get better. Right now we have too much bad gonzo. Anybody can do anything, but we will also see more well-made films with beautiful, sexy scenes.

—K.K. Le Roque

PHOTOS COURTESY DIGITAL PLAYGROUND

Cockasian #2 *fuck dolls Katsuni (above), Tia Tanaka (left) and Ryaan Reynolds are a breed apart.*

Cockasian #2

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: KATSUNI, EVELYN LIN, RYAAN REYNOLDS, NIGARA, TIA TANAKA, NAUTICA THORN, CHRIS CHARMING, MARCO BANDERAS, SCOTT NAILS, ALEC KNIGHT & TONY DE SERGIO.

Director Robby D. brings back four of the stars from his first *Cockasian* and kicks off this close-up-heavy sequel with Nautica Thorn finding that flick in her boss's porn stash. Since you generally watch porn with your dick, you probably won't mind the fuck bunny's annoying Valley Girl acting job as she whines about being hotter than the other chicks, especially since the camera lingers on tease shots of her panties most of the time. Plus, the world's hottest Hawaiian always backs up her snotty ego with able cock-handling. French-Vietnamese Katsuni is as fetching as ever. There's something enticingly wrong about such a delicate beauty getting pounded in the asshole like a common slut. Sheer poetic counterpoint. The rest of the cast is just as sweet and filthy, so if you're looking for the perfect female fuck-breed, *Cockasian* is it. ***—M.J.***

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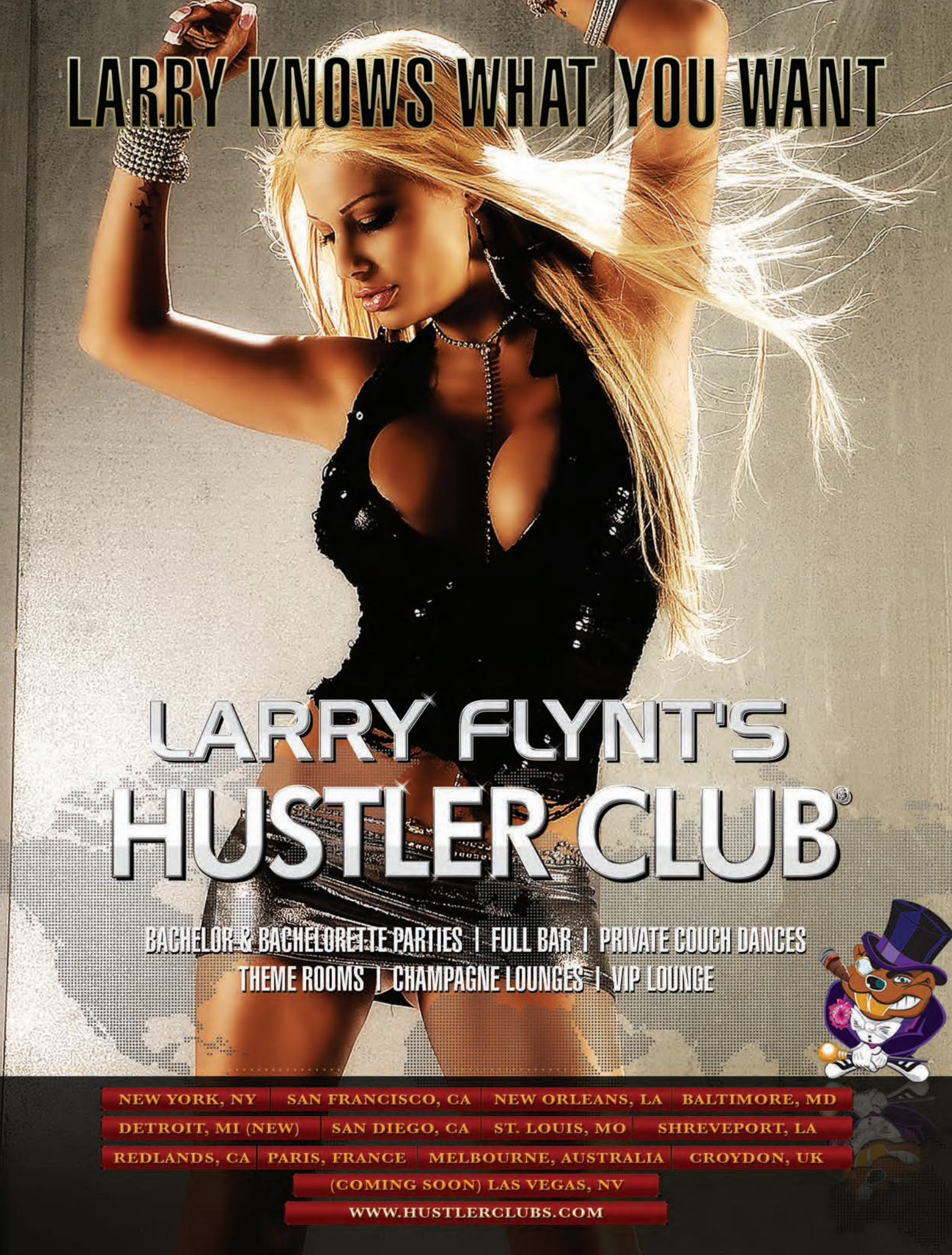
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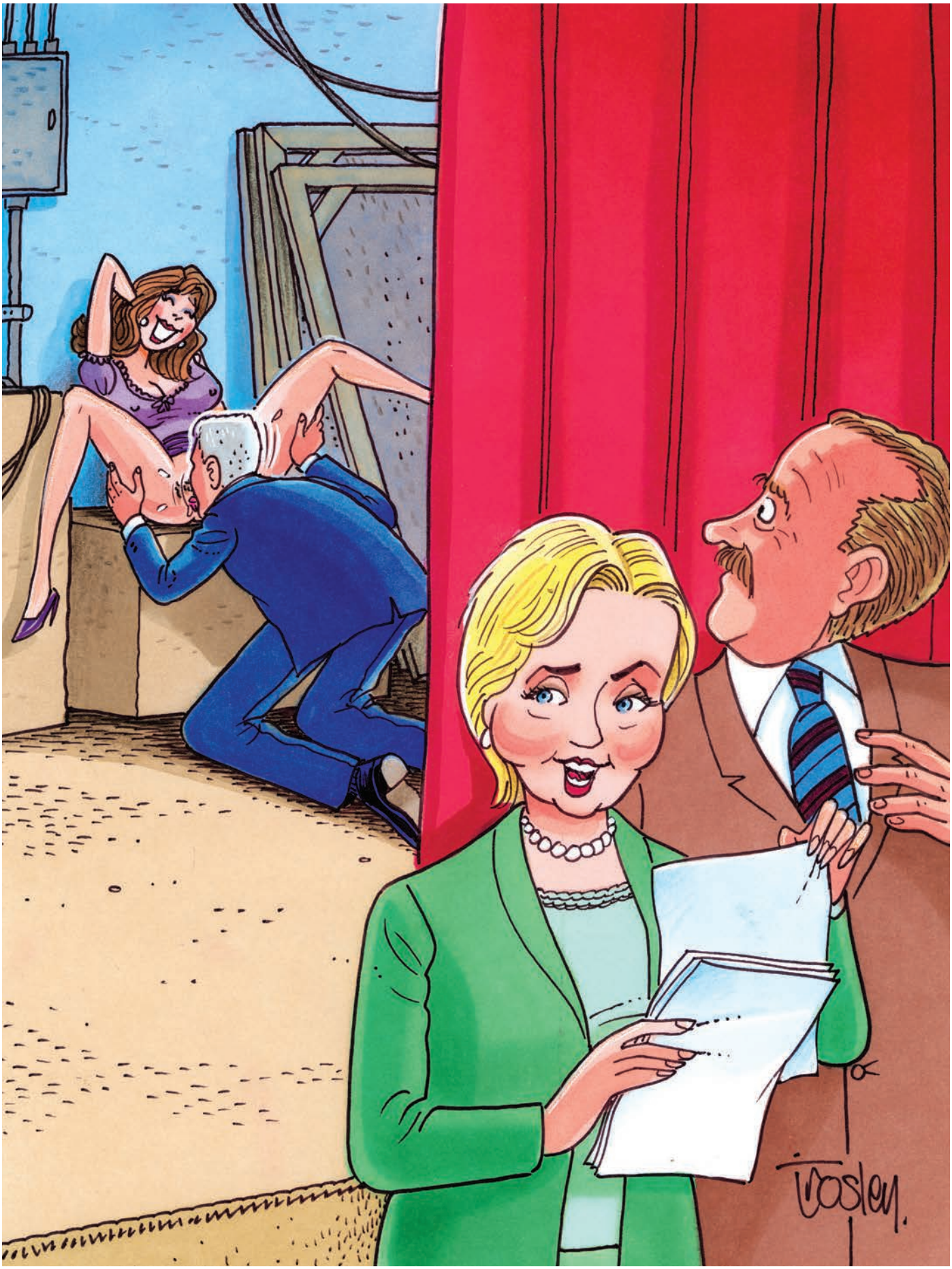
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

Three's Company

AUREN, TOMMY GUNN & BEN ENGLISH

PROPHECY



"At least it keeps him from talking to the press!"

CASSIE

"I'm always flipping through men's magazines," chirps this uninhibited night-owl from Hillsboro, Oregon. "I figured I should be in one." Toiling as a graveyard-shift cashier at a porn store has its perks, but Cassie—an online networker with a penchant for working on cars, painting and reading—really perks up in the pleasure department. "I'm straight at the moment," reveals the August birthday gal, who's about to hit the big 3-0. "But I'm always up for a little experimentation. I love giving and getting head, my favorite position in being on top, and I can get pretty kinky." —Photos by Boyfriend

"My fantasy is a good old-fashioned threesome. You can get wild and never go wrong with a guy and another girl."

KIMMY

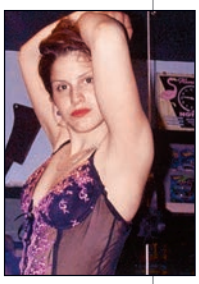
Feeling more self-confident than ever, this 27-year-old working mom from Muncie, Indiana, has headed our way to let it all hang out. Coos Kimmy, a machinist by trade, "I used to be shy and laid back, but now I'm pretty wild." Fond of "cooking, motorcycle riding, running around in the rain naked and being on top," the 5-foot-6 Hoosier entertains a classic sexual fantasy: "I've fucked on the hood of a '72 Cutlass, but now I want to do it on a '69 Camaro (my dream muscle car), with the motor running." —Photos by Husband

"I hope millions of HUSTLER readers see my pictures and want to masturbate as they fantasize about me."

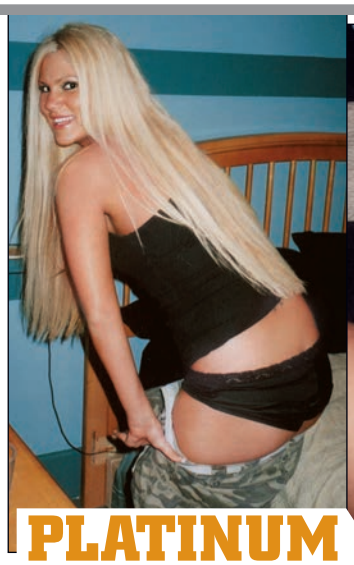
SUXXXANNE

Once a Minnesotan, Suxxxanne is now a Houston hausfrau who no longer needs layers of clothes, chains on her tires or a snowblower. But the new Texan, who was born in August '69 and pronounces her name soo-ZAN, is still her "old" self. "I love to give my husband blowjobs, sit on his face, put a finger in his anus and be the perfect mate," admits the "constantly horny" Renaissance woman. Even as a needlepoint and piano virtuoso, the 5-foot-1 strawberry blonde is risqué. "As a gift for my husband," she continues, "I'm weaving a tapesty of my naked self to hang over our bed." As for pounding the ivories, Suxxxanne does so nude while orchestrating assorted fantasies. Here's a major opus: "Wearing not a stitch, I play Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherezade* for my husband, then let him tie my wrists to a piano leg as a prelude to rough, hard sex with hair-pulling and spanking." Bravo! —Photos by Suxxxanne

APRIL MAY



Hailing from Alameda, California, this glamorous carpenter's apprentice savors wood—and not just what's used in the construction biz. "When I'm not working," confides April May, who'll be 26 in August, "I like to dress up in sexy lingerie and act like a porn star in front of my boyfriend's camera." But simply exposing herself here without getting hammered has the 5-foot-7 card-playing, swimming and skating aficionada on cloud nine: "Being nude in HUSTLER is sweet." A "straight, adventurous and experimental" bedmate, April May relates, "I like to mix things up, and I welcome surprises. My fantasies include a casual encounter that unexpectedly turns X-rated. I do a striptease as two guys whip out their big, hard cocks for me—just like in a movie. I'm looking to make it in porn, and my boyfriend is behind me all the way." —Photos by Boyfriend

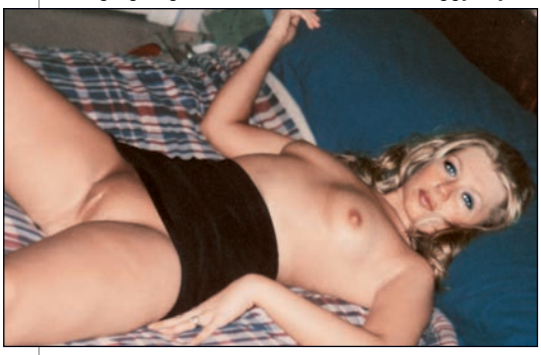


PLATINUM

Meet a resident of Charlevoix, Michigan, who waitresses at a popular eatery that keeps hooters, cooters and buns under wraps. No wonder Platinum has brash immodesty on her plate. "I hope to be a HUSTLER Honey and make it big as a worldwide sex icon," declares the 5-foot-8 dreamgirl, who lists her hobbies as "clubbing, dancing, cars, parties, reading HUSTLER and, oh yeah, having great sex!" Besides her skin-biz aspirations, Platinum yearns "to get down and dirty in an exotic place." —Photos by Friend

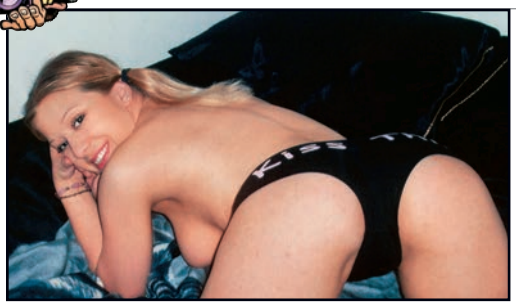
AUTUMN RAIN

"My husband wanted to see me in your *Beaver Hunt* section," proclaims Autumn Rain, a sales rep, painting enthusiast and Steelers fan from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. "And besides, shy little me needed to come out." That she has, as an August birthday celebrant (her 30th). "I'm adventurous, wild and seductive," adds the 5-foot-6 rookie, who's had a bald nookie since turning 18. "I'll rub my toes on you know what to get things going, and I love oral sex and doggy-style." Keen on sex in public, especially when there's precipitation, Autumn may get doused indoors if her most ribald fantasy is fulfilled: "I'm at a masquerade party where everyone is fondling, groping and fucking each other. Next thing I know, I'm surrounded by five guys with nothing on but their masks. Needless to say, they all have their way with me—taking turns on different parts of my body and making me come over and over." —Photos by Husband



SKY MARIE

We have a stewardess onboard, and she's kindly shucked her uniform. "I like being naked," fesses up this denizen of Longmont, Colorado, who'll be blowing out 22 candles in August. Sky Marie has several announcements to make, none related to aviation safety or her fave band, Bullet for My Valentine. "During sex I'm crazy and freaky," the 5-foot-5 bi babe divulges. "I love to be bent over, spanked and fucked hard from behind while my ass is filled with a toy. Since I'm already a full-fledged member of the Mile High Club, my fantasy is to fuck the captain of a jetliner flying on autopilot. I also want to do some porn with my pal Misty Haze." —Photos by MistysXXXgirls.com



ASHLEY NICOLE

"I have a passion for expressing myself through sexuality," asserts this appetizing cook from Eugene, Oregon. "It would be a dream-come-true to have a career in the adult industry." For the time being, Ashley Nicole is content to star in numerous homemade porn tapes, and the 21-year-old bedroom adventuress is as candid as a seasoned fuck bunny. "I really enjoy giving blowjobs," bellows the 5-foot-8 newbie, whose less tawdry kicks include soccer, cheerleading, writing and drawing. "It makes me happy seeing that I'm pleasing someone." Truly an eye-pleaser, the foxy Beaver Stater offers one of her kinkier carnal desires: "I'd love for my boyfriend to have his way with me while I'm blindfolded."

—Photos by Boyfriend

"I want to get down in a HUSTLER video with my idol, Gina Lynn."

MIA

This reservationist from Hilo, Hawaii, has no reservations whatsoever about showing off her delectable, 5-foot-1 bod. "I've wanted to model nude for a long time," discloses Mia, 19, a beach buff whose favorite pastime is just about everyone's. "I hear I'm good in bed," the "still straight" pixie boasts. "I move around like a cyclone, and I'm good at giving head. I also like being tied up when I'm fucking." Big on doggy-style, Mia may have to unbuckle her seat belt to fulfill the top entrée on the Mauian's fantasy menu: "I want to join the Mile High Club on an island-hopping plane."

—Photos by Friend

"I've tried anal sex only once, but I liked it a lot!"

JERSEY DEVIL

"I love walking and dancing around the house naked," purrs this 22-year-old pharmacy tech out of Pendleton, South Carolina. "I think clothes are pointless." Originally from the Garden State, Jersey Devil has a litany of interests, namely "going to the beach, partying, shopping, fishing, shooting guns, quading, sucking a nice cock and wild, crazy sex. I used to be a gymnast." Adds the 5-foot-2 rap and System of a Down fan, "I always want sex, and I love dressing up as a fairy, devil, referee or Army girl, doing whatever my fiancé wants. I'm very loving and caring." Jersey Devil, who's keen on becoming a real-life nurse, wraps up her showcase with pizzazz: "My fantasy is a threesome. One guy, one girl, both playing with me. A girl's body totally turns me on, but I'm obsessed with the dick." —Photos by Fiancé

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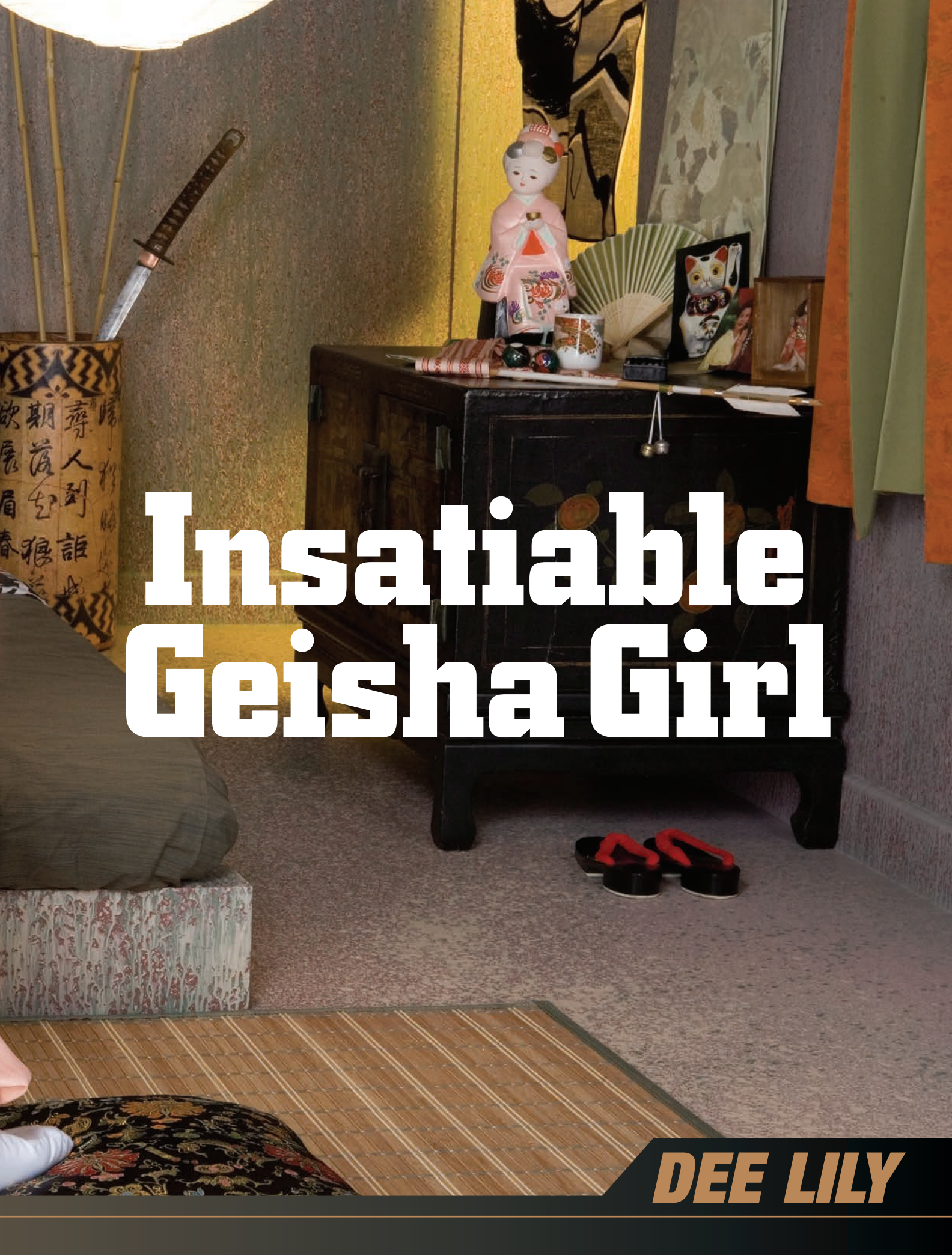

Insatiable Geisha Girl

DEE LILY

I love this photo-shoot!" gushes the gorgeous **Dee Lily**. "It shows off both of my sides. I can be shy, soft and demure. A real girlie girl, you know? But I can also kick ass—especially when some dumb guy screws me over. As a Japanese-American, I also love the fact that I got to handle a samurai sword. It's my second-favorite weapon." So what does she cherish even more? "The one attached to a hot guy, of course!" the giggling sweetheart exclaims. "I love to be fucked to the hilt!"

And more and more bedroom warriors are going to be satisfying **Dee Lily**'s wanton desires. "I've had bad luck when it comes to picking a boyfriend lately," the bodacious minx confesses. "That's why after I dumped the last loser, I decided to play the field. I'm going to live the single life like a guy would. No serious relationships for me, just a whole lot of hot-and-sweaty sex with total strangers." How sweaty? "Real sweaty," **Dee** pants. "If you're not exhausted and dripping after a screw, then you're doing something wrong. Sex is my main form of exercise. So if you want to get it on with me, mister, you'd better be ready to work out for hours and hours!"

DEE LILY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Slidell, Louisiana
AGE: 24
BIRTH SIGN: Cancer
HEIGHT: 5-5
MEASUREMENTS: 36D-26-36

See **Dee Lily** get fucked silly in *Girls Banging Girls* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

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HOW TO RIG AN ELECTION

Convicted political trickster Allen Raymond reveals how he skewed elections for his Republican bosses and spells out what you should be on the lookout for this November.

CATHOUSE: BEHIND THE SCENES

Meet the amorous stars of HBO's randy hit series—including Air Force Amy, Bridget the Midget and the astounding Brooke Taylor—as we pop in at Dennis Hof's famed Nevada bawdyhouse.

CHUMP JOCKS (AND THE WOMEN WHO DRAINED THEM)

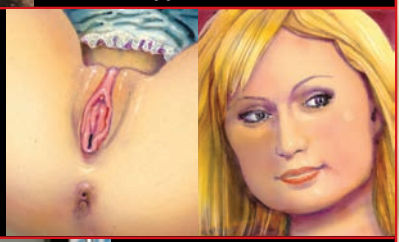
They're the harpies who make monkeys out of their sports-hero mates: Jessica Simpson and Tony Romo; Lisa Lopes and Andre Rison; Brigitte Nielsen and Mark Gastineau.

SEXTOY DAVE: 24-HOUR PARTY ANIMAL

The biggest name in sex toys is living a dream life. Dave's funny, successful and surrounded by beautiful women. Find out how he made it happen.

MATCH THE SNATCH!

Alex Ebel is renowned for his photo-realistic celebrity pussy paintings. Can you guess whose cooze is whose?



CAGE MATCH

Radio commentator Alex Bennett lambastes media mavens like Wolf Blitzer and Tim Russert as hucksters in the Bush game of propaganda.

WHO *REALLY* OUGHT TO BE PRESIDENT?

Cartoonist George Trosley lampoons the ultimate popularity contest by naming pop luminaries who ought to be in the race. Completely ridiculous and completely believable!

Shawna Leneé

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